

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 1199.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1850.

PRICE
FOURPENCE
Stamped Edition, 5d.

For the convenience of Subscribers residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are reissued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines.—Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not less than Three Months, and in advance, are received by M. BAUDRY, 3, Quai Malaquais, Paris, or at the Publishing Office, 14, Wellington-street North, Strand, London. For France and other Countries not requiring the postage to be paid in London, 28fr. or 11s. 2d. the year. To other Countries, the postage in addition.

CHEMICAL and AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL.—KENNINGTON-LANE, LONDON. The SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT under the Direction of J. C. FOSTER, F.R.S., F.G.S., one of the Principals.

Instructions are given in all those branches of Chemistry which relate to the Cultivation of the Soil, and the making of ARTIFICIAL MANURES. Mineral analysis taught in all its branches. Analyses performed as usual, on moderate terms.

LONDON INSTITUTION, FINSBURY-CIRCUS.—On October, 1850.—SWINEY LECTURES ON GEOLOGY, in connection with the British Museum.—A COURSE OF TWELVE LECTURES ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SECONDARY and TERTIARY PERIODS, will be given at this Institution by WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, Esq. M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., Professor in Physiology and Comparative Anatomy in the University of London, to be commenced on MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 12th, at Seven o'clock precisely, and to be continued on succeeding Mondays at the same hour. This Course will be open to all Graduates of the University of Edinburgh, and all Members of the Royal College of Physicians, London. Gentlemen of these Societies who may be desirous of attending it, are requested to leave their cards at the Institution, in order that they may be registered. Parties not of those classes, and not otherwise entitled to attend the several Courses of Lectures at this Institution, will be admitted to this Course only by Tickets to be obtained of the Lecturer, at the Institution, on the payment of one Guinea. WILLIAM TITE, Honorary Secretary.

GERMAN.—DR. HEINRICH FICK, Professor of German Literature at Putney College, has REMOVED to more spacious apartments, 10, Brook-street, Portico, where he will open a NEW COURSE OF GERMAN on the 1st of October; for particulars see the Prospectus there. Attendance in the Country resumed, regularly twice a week, south and west of the Metropolis. A ten years' residence in France enables Dr. Fick to teach through the medium of French if preferred.

PRIVATE TUTOR.—A Married Graduate, in Honours (Sen. Opt. and Tripos) of his College, RECEIVES into his house THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN to prepare for the University or Military Examinations.—Address, S.A. Finlay, Middlesex.

PARISIAN LADY, who is accustomed to AUTION, wishes to fill up some spare time by giving LESSONS in the FRENCH LANGUAGE to a few Pupils.—For terms and further particulars, address Madame de Montfort, 10, Great Cambridge-street; or personally between the hours of twelve and three.

MISS WILMSHURST begs to inform her friends that she intends, at Christmas, to REMOVE her Establishment to BRIGHTON. She has taken a large and commodious house in SUSSEX-SQUARE, KEMP TOWN, where her Pupils will continue to pursue their studies under her own immediate superintendence, assisted by the best Masters. Terms may be obtained by applying to Miss WILMSHURST, at her present residence, Bridport; or JOHN ANDREWS, Esq. 4, Grand Parade, Brighton; and the Rev. ROBERT WINTER, Director of the "Brighton School," Bridport, October, 1850.

SCHOLASTIC UNION AND REFORM.—THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS. Patron—THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON. This College, instituted June, 1846, for the attestation of Teachers, the elevation of the Profession, the provision of Funds for good and poor Members, their Widows and Orphans, and power by its Charter to grant Diplomas in all subjects of liberal Education. Schoolmasters, Governors, and Assistants need only know such a College exists to be at once convinced of its educational value. Principals established prior to the date of the Charter are admitted by Election—others by Examination. For further information apply to the Secretary, JOHN PARKER, Esq. 2, Bloomsbury-square, London.

PUTNEY COLLEGE, near London. President. His Grace the DUKE OF BUCCHLEIGH, K.G. Principal—The Rev. M. COWIE, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

The object of this Institution is to combine General Education, Collegiate Discipline for Resident Students, Special Instruction in Science and its Practical Applications in the Civil and Military Professions, and Preparation for the Universities. The charges are as follows:—For General Education, including Religious Instruction, Classics, Mathematics, the English, French, and German Languages, History, Geography, &c. Board, Lodging and Laundry Expenses, 50 Guinees per Annum.

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The fees for the additional courses in these three departments are so arranged that the cost of education, board, &c. need not exceed 100 guinees per annum. Prospectuses may be had at Mr. Dalton's, 23, Cockspur-street, Chancery-lane; Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., Cornhill; or any information can be obtained by application to the Principals, at the College.

SIGNOR PERUGINI begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has just returned to London for the Season, and is to be found at his former residence, 7, EBURY-STREET, EATON-SQUARE.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE. Principal—Rev. ARTHUR JOHN MACLEANE, M.A. Vice-Principal—Rev. HENRY CUTTERILL, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Classical Lecturer—Geo. LONG, Esq., M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Pupils will be admitted hereafter to the Mathematical Department, with liberty to attend the Latin, French, and German Classes, or any of them, the charges being the same as for other Pupils, viz. 25s. in the Upper Department, and 20s. in the Lower. Lectures will also be provided in all branches of Mathematical study for occasional Students in the Principal or Secretary.

For further information apply to the Principal or Secretary. Lectures open to occasional Students will be delivered during the ensuing Quarter every morning from 9 to 10, alternately on Mechanics by the Vice-Principal, and on Plane and Analytical Geometry by the Rev. Joseph Newton, M.A., Mathematical Assistant Master. Lectures on Roman History open to occasional Students, will be delivered during the ensuing Quarter, once a week, at 5 p.m., by Geo. LONG, Esq., M.A., Classical Lecturer.

SANITARY EDUCATION AT TORQUAY. DEVON.—MRS. J. A. WALKER (H.P.), formerly of the Royal Military College, and Member of the College of Preceptors, assisted by highly qualified Visiting Tutors, and with advantage of many years successfully devoted to Sanitary Education, superintends the studies of TWELVE RESIDENT PUPILS, whose general health, or previous members, may require more than ordinary care. A Prospectus, stating terms and all particulars, will be immediately forwarded on application. Cliff House, Torquay, Oct. 12, 1850.

Mr. Walker is a gentleman who has exchanged the profession of arms for the peaceful occupation of a schoolmaster. His Seminary at Torquay is, for young boys, one of the very best places of instruction with which we are acquainted.

Irish Ecclesiastical Journal. "One of the principal features of this Scholastic Institution is the particular care which is manifested for the health of the pupils. The master appears to be well acquainted with the influence of health upon the progress of the mind, and hence sanitary regulations are industriously employed in the school. We are pleased to observe that reports are periodically made of the health of the pupils, which evince much care and skill. We wish that the heads of our schools would generally follow the good example set them by Lieut. Walker."—*Medical Times.*

A GRAND ARTISTIC EXHIBITION, illustrating and describing the SCENES OF THE CREATION and SACRED HISTORY, in a Series of 250 Dioramas. Representations accompanied and assisted by the recitation of a Poem in rapid prose. The introductory Essay of the Poem has just been published. The creative work will be ready very shortly. A few Shares in the Exhibition are yet to be disposed of.—Applications for Prospectuses, copies of the Essay or Poem, must be addressed stamp enclosed, to the Secretaries, Messrs. JOHN HANCOCK & Co., 445, West Strand, London.

PREMIUM TO SCULPTORS.—The Council of the ART-UNION OF LONDON invite Sculptors who intend to submit Models in competition for the Premiums of 100s. and 50s. each, for a Statuette 20 inches high, to inform them of their intention, under a motto or device, on or before Saturday, the 20th inst., to enable the Council to make the necessary arrangements with the Royal Commissioners for the International Exhibition for the reception of the Models. GEORGE GODWIN, 1 Honorary Secretary. LEWIS POOCK, 1 Secretary. 444, West Strand, October 17, 1850.

THE CAXTON MEMORIAL. GENTLEMEN are respectfully requested to withhold their Subscriptions to any Engravings of CAXTON EXAMINING THE FIRST PROOF SHEET FROM HIS PAINTING PRESS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, A.D. 1474, until they have seen the celebrated Picture (now ON VIEW at Messrs. HENRY & REMONDON'S, Publishers, 137, Regent-street), painted by H. W. WEHNKE. The Engraving is now in the hands of Mr. Bacon, and will be in the highest style of Mezzotint, the size of "Bolton Abbey," viz. 28 inches by 25 inches high. Prospectuses and opinions of the Press forwarded on application.

THE COLLECTION OF OBJECTS OF NATURAL HISTORY formed by the late Mr. WELTRICH, the eminent Naturalist, TO BE DISPOSED OF, at CULMBACH, in UPPER FRANCONIA, BAVARIA.—The Zoological division of the Collection consists of stuffed Mammalia, Birds, with collection of Eggs of Reptiles, Fishes, Corals, Molluscs (among which is a fine series of Shells collected by J. H. Forster, who accompanied Capt. Cook on his voyage round the World), and a collection of Butterflies.

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N.B.—This advertisement will not be repeated.

GREAT EXHIBITION IN 1851.

HER MAJESTY'S COMMISSIONERS have decided that demands for SPACE for EXHIBITION may be returned by the Local Committees by the 1st of OCTOBER. The Westminster Local Committee, therefore, urge upon the Inhabitants of their District to send in their Applications by Monday, the 27th of October, otherwise they may not be able to obtain the space they require.

The necessary forms may be obtained of the Secretary, Mr. G. H. DREW, No. 28, Parliament-street.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.—A PRACTICAL ENGINEER, who has invented an IMPROVEMENT in a most important branch of STEAM MACHINERY, is desirous of DISPOSING OF A SHARE, to enable him to Patent it, and construct it on a large scale for the Great Exhibition. No speculative principle is involved in the invention, which consists of a novel combination of approved details; but the field for its application is so extensive, and its advantages so great, that a very large return may fairly be assumed. From 20 to 30 shares would be required. Every information will be given to principals by Mr. W. KELD WHITEHEAD, C.E. 69, Cornhill.

WANTED, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cadogan-place, a SCHOOL where Day Scholars are taken, FOR A BOY of 7 years old.—Prospectuses and terms to be addressed, post paid, to M. 14, Wellington-street North, Strand.

TO NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS.—A Gentleman, who has Edited a first-class London Journal, will SUPPLY any PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPER with a WEEKLY LETTER OF NEWS and a COUPLE of LEADERS, the latter written suitable to the locality of the Paper. Terms, 25s. per week.—The Editor, care of Messrs. HORN & Co. Publishers, 14, Great Marlborough-street, London.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—MONTHLY CONCERTS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN MUSIC.

A Series of EIGHT CONCERTS will be given at ST. MARTIN'S HALL, under the direction of Mr. JOHN HULLAN, in the course of the Eight Months included by November 1850, and June 1851: each Concert on the Evening of the THIRD Wednesday in each month. The first Concert will be held on Wednesday, Nov. 29. The Programme, though not restricted to music of any one class, school, or age, will consist chiefly of Music of the period requiring for their execution the union of a Chorus and Orchestra. Two (possibly, three) Evenings of the Series will be devoted each to the performance of one Oratorio, the remainder to Miscellaneous Selections, of which, however, some one Entire Work, or connected Extract, will invariably form part. Of Entire Works, the following will be performed in the course of the season:—

Beethoven's Mass in C.	Mendelssohn's Elijah.
Choral Fantasia.	Lauda Zion.
Haydn's Seven Last Words.	38th Psalm.
Handel's Messiah.	14th Psalm.
Utrecht Jubilate.	First Walburgis.
Acts and Galates.	Night.

Selections, consisting mostly of movements, or succession of movements complete in themselves, will be made from—Sebastian Bach's Mass in B. Mozart's Idomeneus. Minor. Mendelssohn's Posthumous Psalms for an 8-part Chorus.

(For the first time in this country.)
Carissimi's Jephtha.
Handel's Alexander Balus.
Coronation and Chandos Anthems.
Chamber Duets.
L'Allegro.
The Song of Samel.
Mozart's Chorus.

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EXCURSIONS TO CAMBRIDGE and BACK.—On each Sunday during October a special Train will leave Bishopsgate Station at 8 15 A.M. and return at 6 P.M. Fares to Cambridge and back, first class, 2s.; second class, 1s.; third class, 6d.

By order, C. F. HUNTER, Secretary.
Bishopsgate Station, October 1, 1850.

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THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Advertisements intended for insertion in the forthcoming Number are requested to be sent to the Publishers by the 22nd, and Bills by the 24th inst.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1830.

REVIEWS

History of the Rise and Progress of the Bengal Army. By Capt. Arthur Broome, Bengal Artillery. Vol. I. Calcutta, Thacker & Co.; London, Smith, Elder & Co.

THIS is a clever and readable book, with a most inappropriate title. It is no more a history of the Bengal army than a life of the Duke of Wellington is a history of the British infantry, or than a history of London is a history of house building. Capt. Broome has written an elegant and flowing narrative of the establishment of the English power in Bengal, and by some unaccountable fancy he has persuaded himself that a history of the entire public transactions of Lord Clive's administration might be called a history of the local military service of the Bengal Presidency. This conceit, or mistake, or misapprehension, or whatever it may be, is one of the oddest we remember to have met with; and it is very desirable both for authors and readers that there should be as few illustrations of it as possible, at least on the formidable scale adopted by Capt. Broome:—for the volume before us extends to 700 pages, and carries down the narrative only to the year 1767. A certain latitude of treatment is permissible in all subjects, and there are cases where we can pardon a pretty wide divergence between the actual title and the specific contents of a treatise. Burton professed to write about the Anatomy of Melancholy, and produced one of the most curious compilations of *ana* and learning to be found in any language. Berkeley treated of Tar Water, and did very little to advance either chemistry or medicine by his labours. White wrote a delightful book on natural history in professing merely to record a few ornithological observations collected at Selborne. All these are cases which admit of the fullest justification. But between them and Capt. Broome there is a broad and radical distinction. Burton, Berkeley, and White did a great deal more than they undertook to do,—Capt. Broome does a great deal less. There is no reasonable cause of complaint if you find an author able and willing to expand a small topic easily and logically into a large inquiry:—but the case is very different where a specific promise is followed by the superficial performance of an unspecific task. Many people with the leisure and aptitude of Capt. Broome might manage to epitomize the ponderous and now almost forgotten folios of Orme, Bruce, Stuart, Hamilton, Holwell, Auber, and the "First Report" as fluently as he has done; but not so many are competent to write a history of the Bengal Army as such a history should be written if it is to possess any real value. We are disposed to insist the more on this point, because the offence now committed by Capt. Broome is becoming prevalent. Let it receive a little encouragement, and we may expect to see before long a school history of the kings before the Conquest gravely announced as a treatise on the Saxon laws and antiquities of Northern Europe,—or the journal of one of the cheap excursionists to the Rhine advertised as an inquiry into the ancient topography of that river.

Capt. Broome does not seem to have commanded any peculiar facilities for the execution of his task. He refers to no original sources of information; and beyond preserving a few inscriptions at Calcutta, his volume does not seem to add a single fact or even a single reflection to what has been already several times repeated. We admit that the task of compilation is well performed. The style is easy and pure—free

from great faults and equally free from great beauties. We have not met with a single eloquent half page or a single vivid description in the whole of this corpulent volume.

When we first began the task of perusal we were puzzled and astonished to find frequent allusion to something which was spelt "Sipahis." We are not ashamed to confess that it required a diligent examination of the context to convince us that according to the orthography of Capt. Broome "Sipahis" is the equivalent of "Sepoys." We have seen a good deal of the capricious conceit which leads almost every new writer on an Oriental subject to introduce a new trick into the spelling of Oriental names; but we must say, that the transfusion of the well-established English word "Sepoy" into "Sipahi" is an innovation which has more than the audacity of a discovery. What conceivable purpose can it serve to carry on so preposterous a warfare against the commonest rules of consistency and language? The object of all speaking and writing is to fix in the mind the identity of certain objects and ideas under all circumstances; and one of the surest means of attaining this end, so long as the faculty of apprehension is to be mainly reached through the sense of sight, is to represent at all times the same name by the same characters. The only excuse that we ever heard from the Orientalist innovators is, that with the aid only of the English alphabet it is very difficult to represent correctly the Indian pronunciation of Indian words. We dare say it is. But what then? It is of infinitely less consequence that a foreign student should form an approximate idea of the varying dialects of Bengal and Delhi, than that he should confound a person with an institution, a house with an animal, and lose the certainty of his knowledge in the confusion of his pronunciation. The class of writers to which Capt. Broome belongs aim at representing by combinations of letters and accents more or less unusual not only the general language of India, but also the dialects of its main divisions, and to no small extent the peculiar ideas of sound of each particular European who undertakes to employ Roman letters in the spelling of Indian proper names. The result is a perfect confusion. We find in these volumes the name "Omichund," which is tolerably familiar to English ears as that of Clive's dupe in the forged treaty, turned into "Omeen Chund." In the same manner, "Nuncomar," another old acquaintance, becomes "Nund Komar,"—"Nabob" is swelled out into "Nawaub"; and the same licentious principle is illustrated in a number of other cases which it is unnecessary to adduce. We must insist that the only sound and sensible rule to be followed is, to adhere to that mode of spelling Indian names to which our countrymen have become the most accustomed. If the English sound of these English letters does not appear to convey the native pronunciation, the correct version may be given in a note or a glossary,—but we protest against tampering with the recognized orthography. Carry out the principle and give it encouragement, and we shall have Babel back again. We shall have as many versions of Smith, and Brown, and Tomkins as there are counties in Great Britain:—for we are quite sure that the dialects of a Pathan and of a Bengalee do not differ more than the accents of a Hampshire squire and of a Northumberland peasant.

In confining himself to a mere narrative, Capt. Broome has lost an opportunity of performing a useful service to the students of Indian history. The history of the Army of a country, treated in a philosophical instead of a merely chronological sense, is in no

small degree the history of the advancement of that country in arts and liberty. It is also in no small degree an illustration of the most striking kind of the political influence of the climate and configuration of the region to which the inquiry extends, and of the moral and physical qualities of its native or exotic inhabitants. It may be laid down as an historical axiom, that the numerical strength of armies is in the inverse ratio, in the first place, to the civilization of the States which support them,—in the second, to the discipline and spirit by which they are governed,—in the third, to the advantages of climate and country in the midst of which they have to act,—and in the fourth, to the skill of the generals who from time to time are entrusted with the supreme command. Where government and the arts are both in a rude condition, all men are soldiers, all armies are mobs, all battles are bloody, and all campaigns are indecisive. Everything is accomplished by brute force,—and that brute force is of the lowest description. There is an immense interval between the aborigines whom the Romans found in the valley of the Thames and the inhabitants of the West-End squares of modern London; but we doubt whether even that contrast is so startling as a close comparison between the arms, discipline, and internal economy of the army of Caractacus and those of our Horse Artillery.

Among European States the predominant power has never remained for more than a very brief period even with those countries which have made the most rapid progress in what may be called the physical art of war—that is, in the discipline, accoutrement, and economy of their troops. West of the Russian frontier the influence of ideas has been more powerful for the last four hundred years than the influence of the art of war. In Asia the facts have been the reverse of these. Dealing with a population indisposed by habits, temperament, and religion to concern themselves with anything beyond the external circumstances of their condition, the despots of Asia have been perhaps always at the mercy of any potentate or power who has happened to command the best organized army. When the real truth is told, that is the whole secret of the English ascendancy in Hindustan. We have carried into the field so far an armed force which, with little comparative trouble, has been able to disperse and disarm the multitudinous forces of the enemy.

It was the business of Capt. Broome to have told us how this superiority has been accomplished in the case of the Bengal Presidency,—in what circumstances it chiefly consists,—and whether the system already so far in advance of native models admits of, or is likely to receive, further simplification. The Bengal army compared with the levies of Nadir Shah, of Hyder Ali, or of Holkar is beyond doubt a very perfect instrument; but it is true, nevertheless, that for the defence of Upper India the East India Company maintain a force very numerous and excessively expensive—so expensive, indeed, that it is already becoming a serious question whether the revenues of the country will be long able to sustain the present scale of expenditure. Capt. Broome makes no attempt to explain the rationale of this state of things,—and the omission of all such topics is the great defect of his work. The numbers and expense of the Bengal army are traceable, in the first instance, to the climate and country in which it has to act much more than to the enemies who are likely to oppose it in the field. The real cause of the excessive mortality of an army is not the loss of life in battle, but the manifold fatal diseases which are engendered by the exposures, the

privations, and the excesses of a campaigning life. Fever, and dysentery, and bronchitis carry off very nearly ninety per cent. of all the fatal cases which swell the hospital returns of an army on active service,—and the number of casualties of this order is always increased where an exotic force are exposed to the action of a tropical climate. In point of fact, the European part of the Bengal army has to be maintained almost in duplicate, because it is at all times impossible to reckon on the efficiency of more than a certain part of the foreign contingent. This is one of the most obvious causes of the great expense. The impossibility of performing rapid marches is another; and the enormous accumulation of baggage and camp followers is certainly the next. The prodigious quantity of baggage and the dense cloud of camp followers have at all times been disadvantages under which every general has laboured who has attempted to employ a European force in an Indian campaign.

It is also to be remembered that during five months of the year it is almost impossible for a European force to undertake any active operations in India. The monsoon prevails more or less through May, June, July, August, and September,—and by its hurricane and its rain very effectually prohibits the movements of any large combined force. It is this circumstance of climate which is nearly always forgotten in the military history of India,—especially in the early military history of India. In point of fact, the date of the battle of Plassey is calculated to excite almost as much astonishment as the details of the action itself. The marvel is not so much that Clive won a victory with his eleven hundred soldiers and sailors and two thousand sepoys against the seventy thousand men and the train of elephants on the side of the Nabob, as that he won it in the very middle of the monsoon solstice, and at a time when fever in its most malignant form was diminishing the strength of his European troops almost hourly. We know, for example, that out of 230 men of the 39th Regiment of Foot who arrived in Bengal in February 1757, only five remained alive in the early part of the following year.

Nearly the whole merit of forming the natives of India into regiments on the European model belongs to Clive. Without this resource the British power in Hindústan could never have been established, and could not be maintained a day; and the success which has attended the experiment must be regarded as one of the most remarkable illustrations of the influence of intelligence and discipline over semi-barbarous men. Captain Broome gives the following account of the formation of the first native corps in January 1757.—

"Another point to which Clive turned his attention, with that wonderful discrimination and foresight which peculiarly marked his character, was the organization of an efficient native regular force, and at this early period he had commenced the formation of a battalion of Sipahis, and had already raised some three or four hundred men, selected with a due regard to their physical and other military qualifications. Hitherto, the native troops employed at Calcutta, when required, designated 'Buxarries,' were nothing more than Burkundaz, armed and equipped in the usual native manner, without any attempt at discipline or regularity; and even at Madras and Bombay, the Sipahis which were regularly maintained there,—and who were generally termed Telingas, from the circumstance that those originally employed came from the province of Telingana,—although supplied with European arms and accoutrements, still adhered to the native style of dress and equipment, were subject to very little discipline or drill, and were under the immediate command of their own countrymen: such was the condition of the Sipahis that had come round from Madras with the expedition, and though not wanting

in courage and activity, they were never looked upon as capable of opposing, or as even fit to be taken into account when brought against an European enemy. Clive wisely determined to make the experiment of assimilating them as far as practicable to the European battalion, and accordingly not only furnished the new corps with arms and accoutrements, but with clothing of the European fashion, drilled and disciplined them as regular troops, and appointed an European officer to command, and non-commissioned officers to instruct and drill them. Such was the origin of the *First Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry*, called from its equipment the 'Lall Pultun,' or 'Red Regiment,' a name which it long maintained. This system, which was soon found to answer admirably, was speedily imitated at the other Presidencies of Bombay and Madras. At the period now more immediately under consideration, the experiment was in its infancy, only a few hundred men having been yet raised, and their training, as may be supposed, not very far advanced. It must be borne in mind, that the class of men then available for service, and of whom the earliest corps were composed, were a very different race from what could now be obtained in or about Calcutta. The Moosulman conquest of the province, the condition of actual independence of the court of Delhi, maintained by the late nawaubs, the frequent changes in the government, and continued hostilities occurring, induced many adventurers from the northward to come down in search of service, and to large drafts being made on the population of Behar, Oude, the Doab, Rohileund, and even beyond the Indus, to meet demands for troops on particular emergencies, who were liable to be again thrown on their own resources as soon as the occasion for their service had passed away. It was from such men and their immediate descendants, that the selection was made, and in the corps then and subsequently raised in and about Calcutta, were to be found Pathans, Rohillas, a few Tathas, some Rajpoots, and even Bramins. The natives of the province were never entertained as soldiers by any party. The majority, however, of the men in the ranks in early years were Moosulmans owing to the circumstances stated."

We cannot pretend to follow Captain Broome through any portion of his narrative; nor is it needful that we should do so, since he tells us very little that is not already familiar to most persons in connexion with the life of Lord Clive. Here and there, however, a passage occurs which has an interest of its own,—and of this class is the following. It relates to Alexander Sausure,—one of those bold, restless, ambitious, and unscrupulous men who carried into India in the early part of last century the daring, the skill, and the romance of the Buccaneers. It will be seen that Sausure refers to a plan suggested by himself to the nabob, for occupying the grove at Plassey previous to the battle; and it may be a curious subject of speculation how far the subsequent fate of India might have been modified if this Swiss mercenary had been furnished with the means of executing his sagacious military manœuvre. The man was taken prisoner in July 1757 by the detachment sent out by Clive under the command of Mootan Beg and Major Coote.—

"The Major [Coote] now wrote to Colonel Clive, reporting the difficulties and obstructions he had encountered, and requesting orders relative to his future proceedings; he also reported that the advanced party of Sipahis had captured a Swiss in the French service, named Alexander Sausure, whom they discovered disguised as a native, respecting whose disposal he also requested instructions. On the 13th (July, 1757,) he received a letter from Colonel Clive, written some days previous, directing him to follow Mons. Law as far as Patna, if he could not come up with him before reaching that place. On the same day the sergeant of the guard, by name Duvergne, reported that the prisoner Sausure had been tampering with him, and persuading him to desert, and that he had divulged a plan which he had formed for escaping, through the connivance of one of the Sipahis, who was on guard over him; he

had further communicated to him the contents of a letter he had written to Mons. Law, giving that officer an account of the proceedings and intentions of the English detachment (under Major Coote), and narrating his own plans of escape. On receiving this report Major Coote sent Lieut. Flacion, the officer on duty, to search the prisoner, on whose person was found not only the letter alluded to, addressed to Mons. Law, but other documents of importance. From these and other evidence obtained, it appeared that Sausure was a deserter from the British service, having originally come out to India in a Swiss company, raised for, and attached to, the Bombay European Regiment; he had deserted from thence and entered the Dutch service, in which he obtained a commission; but having, whilst stationed at Batavia, killed one officer in a duel and wounded two others, he had been compelled to make his escape, and had contrived to reach Pondicherry, where being speedily engaged in a similar affair, he had been obliged to leave that place also, and which he did in a Danish ship bound to Bengal, where he arrived a short time before the battle of Plassey, when he immediately joined the party stationed at Kossim bazar under Mons. St. Frais. In his letter to Mons. Law he gave a full detail of that action, and represented that he had been promised the command of 4,000 men by Sooraj-oodowah, which he had proposed to employ as an advanced guard in preventing the English from obtaining possession of Plassey grove; to the non-performance of this promise by the Nawaub, and the want of support given to the French party stationed at the bank, he ascribed the loss of the action. He went on to say that, after the defeat, he had proposed to Mons. St. Frais to endeavour to form a junction with Mons. Law; but that officer considering such a measure impracticable, he had himself determined to make the attempt; that he had secreted himself until the departure of Major Coote, and then set out on his undertaking, disguised as a Moosulman, but had unfortunately been detected by Mootan Beg, commanding the advanced party of Sipahis, whilst lingering in their camp. He further mentioned his plan and intention of escaping, and requested that a trustworthy Hirkarrah might be sent to facilitate his designs and aid him in the attempt. But at the same time he urged Mons. Law to aggressive measures: he wrote:—'You, Sir, have it in your power with the troops under your command, to get the better of the English detachment now in pursuit of you. In the twinkling of an eye you may entirely change the face of affairs here. Your name is in high repute amongst the Moors, and the military reputation of Mons. Bussy is so great and dreaded, that this party must instantly fly at his very name.' He then concluded by recommending Mons. Law to make a sudden counter-march, and to attack the Major's party at a particular spot which he described, assuring him that such an unexpected attempt could not fail of success, and that he might easily kill or make prisoners all the officers, especially those of the Sipahis, who were, he stated, 'more addicted to drunkenness than even the European soldiers themselves.' The prisoner being brought before a court-martial, consisting of Major Coote and the other officers, was unable to deny that he had written the letters found on his person, and having nothing to urge in his defence, was found guilty of desertion and acting as a spy, and as such was condemned to be hung; which sentence Major Coote considered it advisable to act upon without delay, and it was accordingly put in execution that evening, in presence of the whole detachment."

The following extract from the famous minute left by Clive with the Council at Calcutta on his final departure from India, in January, 1767, is not laid by Capt. Broome before the public for the first time; but it bears so visibly the impress of the clear and resolute mind of its writer, that merely as an indication of character it will always be full of interest. There is no mistaking the terse and pointed sentences—the contempt of all circumlocution—the force of the logic—and the impressiveness of the admonition. A hundred and twenty years before, there was another Englishman who well knew how to give similar advice under

similar circumstances—that man was Cromwell; and it is very strange that the extreme likeness of the two men has not been oftener adverted to and dwelt on.—

“It has been too much the custom in this government to make orders and regulations, and thence to suppose the business done. To what end and purpose are they made, if they be not promulgated and enforced? No regulation can be carried into execution, no order obeyed, if you do not make rigorous examples of the disobedient. Upon this point I rent the welfare of the Company in Bengal. The servants are now brought to a proper sense of their duty. If you slacken the reins of government, affairs will soon revert to their former channel; anarchy and corruption will again prevail, and, elated with a new victory, be too headstrong for any future efforts of Government. Recall to your memories the many attempts that have been made in the civil and military departments to overcome our authority, and to set up a kind of independency against the Court of Directors. Reflect also on the resolute measures we have pursued, and their wholesome effects. Disobedience to legal power is the first step of sedition; and palliative measures effect no cure. Every tender compliance, every condescension on your parts, will only encourage more flagrant attacks, and will daily increase in strength, and be at last in vain resisted. Much of our time has been employed in correcting abuses. The important work has been prosecuted with zeal, diligence, and disinterestedness; and we have had the happiness to see our labours crowned with success. I leave the country in peace. I leave the civil and military departments under discipline and subordination: it is incumbent upon you to keep them so. You have power, you have abilities, you have integrity: let it not be said that you are deficient in resolution. I repeat, that you must not fail to exact the most implicit obedience to your orders. Dismiss or suspend from service any man who shall dare to dispute your authority. If you deviate from the principles upon which you have hitherto acted, and upon which you are conscious you ought to proceed; or if you do not make a proper use of that power with which you are invested, I shall hold myself acquitted, as I do now protest against the consequences.” And again he remarks:—“The people of this country have little or no idea of a divided power; they imagine all authority is vested in one man. The Governor of Bengal should always be looked upon by them in this light, as far as is consistent with the honour of the Committee and Council. In every vacant season, therefore, I think it expedient that he take a tour up the country in the quality of a supervisor-general. Frowns and oppressions of every sort being by this means laid open to his view, will in a great measure be prevented, and the natives preserve a just opinion of the importance and dignity of our president, upon whose character and conduct much of the prosperity of the Company's affairs in Bengal must ever depend.”

The volume has been very handsomely printed at Calcutta:—and, in justice to the compositors of that capital, we must say that we have found very few of the errata of which Capt. Broome complains in his preface.

The Philosopher's Mite to the Great Exhibition of 1851. Houlston.

THE author of this pamphlet suggests a view of the possible results of the gathering of next year which has not yet commanded the attention of the press,—though, as we happen to know, it has been a subject of anxious thought to many who are interested in the success of the great experiment. The writer is probably a medical man:—at least, it is the medical question which he raises. He looks at the condition of London in ordinary times. He finds it only tolerably healthy at best, and subject to fatal derangements,—the ordinary population, especially in the quarters which may be regarded as the metropolis proper, being already in excess of the building accommodation. London, he finds,—allowing him to state his proposition in

his own way—will not bear an additional influx safely. He then inquires the number of persons likely to arrive in it next year, and expresses his belief that it will not fall far short of a million:—a calculation which we have reason to think is not higher than that formed by persons who have the best data before them. Taking, then, the sanitary view, the “Philosopher” asks what will be the effect of suddenly bringing to a focus this enormous mass of animality in a space notoriously too confined for the present occupiers?—The question, as we have said, is of the utmost importance. It has engaged much attention,—and will demand yet more. The “Philosopher” does not hesitate to declare that, unless wise and vigorous measures be adopted the result will in all probability be the development of a pestilence. He lays it down as an ascertained law, that “great and sudden human gatherings, domiciliated in a confined space, are liable to be followed by pestilence in the compound ratio of the diversity of sources from whence they come,—the diversity of breed, habits and diet,—and the length of their sojourn in such given space.” This law he illustrates from history with painful and startling minuteness. He traces the Black Death, the Sweating Sickness, the Plague, and other fearful visitations which have afflicted our country at various times, to the sudden influx and gathering of strangers in spaces too small to hold them. Greece, ancient Italy, and modern Europe are cited in corroboration of the same argument. An overcrowded town becomes too much *animalized*: the poisons mingle, the atmosphere becomes tainted, and the plague is produced. Though the writer perhaps overstates and exaggerates his case, there is a substance of truth, morally and historically established, in what he says.—But to be fore-warned is to be fore-armed.

There is no wisdom in closing the eyes against danger. The Board of Health has the means of obtaining correct information, and the power of using it so as to meet nearly, if not all, the causes which suggest alarm. But this Board and the Royal Commission must be made aware of their duties. If we are rightly informed, the latter body—anxious to assume no fresh responsibility—is inclined to leave the great work of providing accommodation for the in-coming guests to any one who chooses to make a trade of it. We trust this report is not true,—and that some official person or persons will be charged with the due organization of the metropolis for their reception. The public health demands this precaution. If there be danger in overcrowding—as no one will question—authority should be armed with power to interpose and in a measure regulate the influx. So far as our own countrymen are concerned this would not be difficult,—as an understanding with railway companies would enable these to check the inflow at any given hour. But the great thing required is a system which shall prevent the undue crowding of particular localities. If left to themselves, workmen will seek the workmen's quarter; foreigners, if not assisted by authority, will flock in thousands to the neighbourhood of Leicester Square,—in one small house near which, it is said, sixty persons often sleep, three in a bed, at night. This is the danger to be avoided: and it may be done by a system which shall secure the distribution of the visitors over the largest possible area.—Another suggestion may be made. Not only should the Commission arrange for the free opening of all parks, gardens, and public buildings,—but, if practicable, for a system of cheap trips, daily if not hourly, along all the railway lines leading out of London, so as to create a variety of issues for the terming civilization, and widen quietly and pleasantly the breathing area. The “Phi-

losopher” recommends that our guests be lodged every night at a considerable distance from town,—but such a scheme is evidently impracticable.—On the two conditions which we have ventured to suggest—the adoption by the Royal Commission of some plan to secure the daily distribution of the arrivals over a large area in London, and a series of cheap trains which would carry off a portion of the pressure daily, spreading the gathered millions over thirty or forty miles of moveable encampment—most of the apprehended danger may, we think, be met and neutralized.

Anshar: a Tale of the North. By R. J. King-Parker.

TALES of a long way off and a long time ago are generally more apt to deter than to attract. It is very fatiguing to get up our sympathies for people with hard names, in which the vowels and consonants lie in unaccustomed conjunction. In all matters of amusement, great allowance must be made for the laziness of human nature.

It may sound paradoxical,—but the chief interest which men in general feel for antiquity, is for that in which it touches them *familiarly*. It is the resemblance, not the difference, with which we sympathize. Possibly it is this love of relationship that is the strong fibre which holds human nature in some sort of cohesion through all its varieties of kindreds and nations and languages, in spite of the inordinate instinct which leads everybody to love himself emphatically, and to have and to hold all the good things which he can grasp for his own especial benefit. The old sea kings and pirates and the people of the North are our far-away relations,—and we are never out of patience with hearing about them, providing the tale be told with anything like skill. Their histories are family traditions. The heroes themselves seem to have scarcely disappeared, and with very little straining of our sight we still seem to discern their wild eyes and mysteriously-charmed swords gleaming through the semi-darkness of time. We do not quite disbelieve in the Aa gods, nor in Midgard and Feuris; whilst the ideas of many good Christians about the millennium and the end of the world are not very different from the details of the “twilight of the gods,” and the “reign of peace upon the earth begun” which was to follow it. We have quite a different feeling for Freya, and Odin, and Balduc from that which we entertain for the many-handed gods of India and their pagodas. Our interests and sympathies set north.

Here is ‘Anshar, a Tale of the North’:—we took it up gladly. The time chosen is that point between light and darkness, the period of the mission of the first Christian priests into Sweden. The struggle of an abstract idea with the material difficulties and deep-rooted errors which hold the ground against its advance is always a study of interest; but when that principle is personified, and its action dramatized, in the life and labours of men so possessed with the idea of its overwhelming importance that they do not fear to stake on it all they hold most dear, including their lives,—the tale becomes invested with a touching human interest.

Yet with such materials the author of ‘Anshar’ has certainly *not* succeeded. Laborious and conscientious, the reading of his book is like walking through a ploughed field. There is little or nothing about the “Blessed Anshar” from its one end to the other: we have, instead, the narrative of an old monk, his companion, written to a friend in Italy. There is a full and detailed chronicle of the scenery, the curiosities, and the dress of the inhabitants of the country in which the scene is laid; but though

the descriptions are minute, they are not graphic. They lack the spirit which gives meaning to the form. The characters are all capriciously propertied, with "entirely new dresses and decorations," as a manager would say; but they all talk—kings, people, monks and pirates—in the same measured resounding speech, something between Ossian and Sir Charles Grandison. We are told of the "shouts of the people,"—but the hum of the old monk in his cell is all that reaches us. So much of the book is taken up in catalogues of still life, that we fancy the work must have been cut out of a longer one and the proportions not kept.

We have nothing to say against the "bracelets" and "the red kirtles" and the "bands of minute goldsmith's work,"—we are glad to hear that the old Swedes possessed such an abundance of good things,—but King Björn's letter rather staggered us. He seems to have wielded the pen of a very "ready writer,"—whereas it is a mooted question whether the Scandinavians had even an alphabet until after the introduction of Christianity. There is a good description of the hunting court of Louis the Pious,—and the portrait of that luckless monarch is one of the best things in the book. We prefer, however, to extract the following description of the pirate vessel.—

"Her sides were painted in long waving lines of blue and crimson. Her mast was tall and richly gilt; and on its summit was what appeared to be a white bird with outspread wings, dancing and fluttering before the wind. Her sail was one broad sheet of crimson, and the prow of the vessel, which rose high and towering above the water, was singularly carved into the form of a dragon's head, and covered with thin plates of gold. On the half deck, before the mast, stood a tall man bearing a standard,—a gilded pole surmounted by a misshapen human figure. The rest of the crew were hidden behind the rows of glittering shields, which were ranged on each side above the edge of the ship; but the length of the vessel, the long rows of shields, and the great number of her oars, made it evident she was well and powerfully manned. * * A loud shout of defiance rose at once from the pirate vessel, and as the shields were rapidly drawn up from her sides, she appeared thronged with men from end to end completely armed and ready for an immediate attack. She advanced so rapidly that she was almost instantly alongside of us, and at once threw out long irons with hooks attached to their ends, which caught fast hold of the side of our ship. It was in vain that our men tried to loosen their grapple or break them with their axes,—the vessels remained closely fastened together, and at length one of the pirate crew leaped from his own vessel on to the half deck of ours."

The following is a description of the dwelling of "Nial the rich."—

"After passing this, another fence, we found ourselves in front of the principal habitation. It was built entirely of timber as far as any portion of the walls could be distinguished for the steep high crested roofs which reached nearly to the ground on every side. These were covered entirely with fresh green turf laid closely together on the rafters as is usual in the North. * * As we approached I perceived the doors themselves were singularly carved with figures of serpents inextricably twisted and knotted together, and that portions of red colouring were laid here and there along their numberless folds. * * The chamber into which we entered was one of considerable width and length. It was built entirely of wood, the walls being formed with trunks of large trees split through the centre and ranked closely together, whilst the roof rose steeply upwards, crossed and interlaced with rafters, like the boughs of a great forest. The smoke from the central hearth had completely stained and blackened them. * * Long rows of seats were ranged on each side of the hall, and in the centre of either row rose one considerably elevated above the rest, before which two large wooden pillars were placed rudely carved at the upper end, so as to bear some kind of resemblance to the

human figure; one of these seats is called in the North the 'house father's chair,' and is never filled except by the head of the family; that which stands opposite to it is reserved for the principal guest, or for the midman who is of most importance in the household. Above the seats the walls were covered with skins and furs of different animals—wolves, wild deer and oxen—upon which hung many large shields and spears, and axes of various and singular forms. * * Presently a tall commanding figure appeared on the threshold of an apartment which opened from the higher end of the hall. It was that of a woman considerably advanced in years, yet altogether unbroken by the weight of them. She stood leaning on a staff of dark wood, which rose far above her head, and was covered with minute carvings. Her dress was a long black robe embroidered in scarlet figures. Round her waist was a belt of silver, to which was attached a large purse of reindeer skin. A loose jerkin of martin's fur, finely dressed, reached somewhat below the belt; and her hair, still long and abundant, though silvered here and there with grey, was bound with a broad fillet of black and scarlet."

We must say, in conclusion, that although the author has not made the most of the vantage ground afforded by his subject, yet his work is well written, and exhibits the result of much care and labour. There is in it no seeking after clap-net effects,—and it is far superior to nine-tenths of what are given for 'Historical Novels' of more imposing pretensions.—We should not omit to mention that a version of the old Catholic legend of St. Christopher is very pleasingly rendered.

Researches on Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemical Attraction, in their Relations to the Vital Force. By Karl, Baron von Reichenbach. Translated by William Gregory, M.D. Taylor & Co. *Physico-Physiological Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, &c., in their Relations to the Vital Force.* By Baron C. von Reichenbach. Translated by John Ashburner, M.D. Bailière.

PERHAPS there is no field of inquiry presenting points of deeper interest, and promising more brilliant results to the investigator at the present day, than the nature and influence of those forces called imponderable substances. In the history of science, the properties of heat, light, and electricity, and the laws of motion and chemical attraction, have been investigated independently, without a thought of the probable identity of all. But such is the mission of science. First, man looks at external nature as a whole. He gazes till particular parts of the great fabric strike more forcibly his senses:—these he separates and investigates for themselves. Thus spring up various branches of science, dependent on particular facts; but as inquiry proceeds, the necessity for combining particular facts to form general ones becomes more urgent,—and in many departments of human inquiry we seem to be on the verge of generalizations that will connect sciences apparently the most remote. The imponderable agents electricity, magnetism, and galvanism are now known to be convertible forces and a three-fold development of the same power. Mr. Groves, in his highly interesting and ingenious lecture on the 'Correlation of Physical Forces,' has shown that relations exist between heat and light similar to those discovered between the electrical forces,—and that it is not improbable that motion and chemical affinity may be resolved into each or any one of the imponderable substances. The motion of the locomotive on the railway is but the expression of the heat employed in the stove. Motion may be, again, resolved into heat or into electricity according to the modes employed. The inquiry so well

made by Mr. Groves has led to more extended applications; and it appears that the forces exhibited by vegetables and animals and which are called vital, are correlative with those which have more especially been called physical. Plants and animals live but as their intimate structures are exposed to the agencies of heat, light, chemical change, &c.—Every contribution to these inquiries will be received just now with interest proportionate to the character of the observer and the importance of his facts.

The name of Baron Reichenbach, the discoverer of kreasote and careful chemical investigator, claims for anything which he may promulgate to the world careful consideration. His scientific eminence demands an investigation which would scarcely be conceded to any man of less repute who should come forward to announce the discovery of a new force in nature and the existence of a new sense in mankind. However little the title of this volume may announce the nature of its contents, they are such as we have indicated.—And, although the history of the discovery of this new agent will at once awaken suspicion, we feel bound to say, that the author appears to have proceeded in most of his subsequent inquiries with the caution and perseverance necessary to the inductive philosopher. Here is the account in question.—

"By the kindness of a physician in Vienna, I was, in March 1844, introduced to one of his patients, the daughter of M. Nowotny, Revenue Officer, Landstrasse, No. 471. She was a young woman of twenty-five, who had suffered for eight years from increasing headaches, and had then become affected with cataleptic fits, accompanied by spasms, both tonic and clonic. In her had supervened intense acuteness of the senses, so that she could not bear either sunlight or candlelight. She saw during the darkness of night her room as if in twilight, and clearly distinguished the colours of all objects in it, such as clothes. On this patient the magnet acted with extraordinary force in various ways, and in every point of view she belonged to the highest class of sensitives, so that she was in no way inferior, in acuteness of the senses, to the true somnambulists, although she herself was not a somnambulist. Seeing all this, and reflecting that the aura borealis appears to be nothing else than an electric phenomenon, caused by the magnetism of the earth, the intimate nature of which, moreover, we cannot yet explain, since no direct emanations of light from the magnet are known in physics, it occurred to me to try whether such an acute vision as that of Mlle. Nowotny might not possibly, in absolute darkness, be able to perceive some luminous appearance in connexion with the magnet. The possibility of this appeared to me not to be very remote; and if it should be found to be so, it seemed to me likely to supply the key to the explanation of the northern lights. The first preliminary experiment I caused to be made by her father in my absence. In order to profit by the utmost degree of darkness, and by an organ for some time accustomed to the absence of light, so as to obtain the greatest possible enlargement of the pupil, I begged him, in the middle of the night, to hold before the patient the largest magnet I had, namely, a nine-bar horse-shoe, carrying upwards of 80 lb., and after removing the armature. This was done, and next morning I was informed that the young woman had actually perceived a distinct and permanent luminous appearance as long as the magnet was open; but that it had always disappeared as often as the armature was attached. In order to obtain on this point more sure and minute information, I made arrangements to repeat the experiment myself, with some alterations. I did this the following night, and tried it at the time when she had just awakened from a cataleptic fit, and was, consequently, in the most sensitive state. To make all sure, the windows were covered with thick hangings and the candles removed, long before the termination of the fit. The magnet was placed on a table, about ten feet from the patient, with its poles directed towards the en-

ing, and the armature was then removed. None among the assistants was able to perceive anything whatever; but the patient saw two luminous appearances, one on the extremity of each pole. When the armature was attached, the lights disappeared, and she saw nothing more; but on removing it again, they again appeared as before. At the moment when the armature was detached, they seemed to her to shine somewhat more brightly, and then to assume a permanent condition of inferior brightness. The fiery appearances were of nearly the same size on each pole, and they did not show any tendency to approach each other. Close to the steel from which the light emanated, it appeared in the form of a luminous vapour, which was surrounded by a sort of shining rays. The rays, however, were not tranquil, but shortened and lengthened themselves continually, producing a shooting and sparkling of uncommon beauty, as the patient assured me. The whole image was more delicate and beautiful than ordinary flame; its colour was purer, nearly white, occasionally mixed with rainbow colours, and more resembled the light of the sun than that of a fire. The light was not uniformly diffused. In the middle of the edges of the magnetic poles it was denser and more brilliant than towards the corners; but at the corners the rays were collected into bundles, which reached beyond the rest of the rays. I showed her a small electric spark, which she had never seen, and of which she had no conception. It appeared to her much more blue than the magnetic light, and it left on the eye a durable peculiar impression, which very slowly disappeared."

The lady subsequently got well, and could then see none of these appearances. The Baron, however, succeeded in finding other persons equally sensitive to this light with his first subject. By the aid of their senses he was enabled to investigate the nature of this phenomenon; and from the different manner in which it acted, he was led to the conclusion that it was a new force,—which he has called by the name *odylic*. While prosecuting his inquiries, he found that this agent was not only manifested through the magnet, but that it was present in all crystalline bodies; and in subsequent experiments he found that it was given off from the human body, from the sun and from the moon, during chemical change, and under other circumstances, of which he has given a most minute and detailed account in the volume now brought before the English reader by the double labours of two translators.

The objections that appear to us naturally to arise against the reception of Baron Reichenbach's conclusions, are two.—First, with relation to the Baron himself. During the whole course of his laborious inquiries he has never once himself seen the phenomena which he has described. He is entirely dependent on the testimony of others. At first sight this makes him rather an historian than an experimenter; but it will be seen in the details of the work that the whole arrangements of the experiments were made by himself,—and he was in the position, in relation to the people experimented on, of an astronomer to his telescope or a physician to his stethoscope. The second objection is, the character of his witnesses:—we do not mean their moral, but their scientific character. Ere we can receive the testimony of an individual as to the occurrence of a fact, we must be satisfied that he is capable of observing. Nothing seems a greater insult to the common sense of mankind than to tell them that they cannot see; yet, the majority of mankind not only never see wholly the objects by which they are surrounded, but are entirely unfitted by their want of education and of proper exercise of this sense to form a judgment on what they do see. Baron Reichenbach's witnesses, though many in number, are a motley group of men and women, who cannot be said on the whole to command our confidence.—As regards this argument,

however, Baron Reichenbach certainly comes before us with one exception that places him in a better position before the public than they are who have to rely for credit solely on the testimony of incompetent witnesses. Among the list of persons experimented on we find the name of the late Prof. Endlicher, Director of the Imperial Botanic Garden at Vienna, and one of the most distinguished naturalists of his day. Had Prof. Endlicher himself detailed his experience, it would unquestionably have claimed consideration,—and perhaps it should not be less so that it is transmitted to us through Baron Reichenbach.

There is, however, another deduction from the interest and value of this book on the score of our faith in its testimonials,—viz., that the author and his English translators are evidently apologists for mesmerism. If anything could be calculated at once to condemn this publication and to deter from its perusal every thoughtful and truth-seeking Englishman, it would be the bald dash of the preface to Dr. Ashburner's translation. Why this gentleman should have felt himself called on to translate this work when it was in the hands of so competent a person as Prof. Gregory, we are at a loss to conceive—unless it were for the purpose of pressing the name of the German chemist into the service of the mesmeric farce as it is practised in England. We have all along maintained, with regard to mesmerism, that it embraces psychological and physiological phenomena which deserve investigation. We accept Baron Reichenbach's book as an attempt to explain the latter;—and very glad we should be if some one could as satisfactorily, under the former head, explain the condition of mind into which Dr. Ashburner and his brother mesmerists have got in this country. As a slight indication of the Doctor's state, we give the following extract from his preface.—

"Numerous questions suggest themselves in an examination of the philosophy of this subject:—Why the condition of brain favourable to the development of clairvoyance should belong to certain individuals, and not to others? Why it should belong to some nervous susceptible temperaments, and not to others? Why some insane persons should be in the category, and not others? Why in some brains these peculiar developments of mental lucidity should take place, quickly and easily by peculiar stimulants, while others should require a long period for the attainment of the object? Why, in some, the phenomena are not produced without a long course of mesmeric sleep, while in others, the presence of certain individuals, or of certain crystals, or of clear bottles of clean mesmerised water, in the same room, suffice to excite the brain to the requisite condition? In one and the same person, one mesmeriser shall never be able to produce clairvoyance; another mesmeriser will establish it at the first séance. I have no doubt of these facts: I have often witnessed them. I have produced the condition of clairvoyance; but the kind and the degree of the phenomena differed, very remarkably, from those produced by Major Buckley, in the same patients. Repeatedly I have tried, in vain, to make clairvoyant somnambules read printed words which were enclosed in a pill-box. Major Buckley, ignorant of the same words, has had them quickly read in the innermost of a nest of five, four of them tightly-fitting silver boxes. The stimulus afforded by the odic lights issuing from my brain, must then be very different from that of those emitted by his."

We wish Baron Reichenbach had been satisfied to record his experience, and leave the mesmerists to themselves. It strikes us, too, that his conclusions are wrong when he supposes that an *odylic* influence exerted on one body by another produces magnetic sleep, seeing that Mr. Brad produces sleep in his patients without any passes at all,—in fact, by means of pieces of cork suspended in the air.

One of the most curious parts of Baron Reichenbach's book is, his explanation of the phenomena of ghosts on the *odylic* theory. After explaining that all chemical changes are attended with *odylic* light, he says—

"At the close of this section, I now bring forward a useful application of the facts already ascertained, which is to me so much the more welcome, as it tears up one of the chief roots of superstition, that mortal enemy to the progress of human enlightenment and liberty. A case which occurred in the garden of the blind poet Pfeffel, has been widely circulated by the press, and is well known. I shall here mention so much of it as is essential. Pfeffel had engaged a young Protestant clergyman, of the name of Billing, as amanuensis. The blind poet, when he took a walk, held Billing's arm, and was led by him. One day, as they were walking in the garden, which was at some distance from the town, Pfeffel observed, that as often as they passed over a certain spot, Billing's arm trembled, and the young man became uneasy. He made inquiry as to the cause of this, and Billing at last unwillingly confessed, that as often as he passed over that spot, he was attacked by certain sensations, over which he had no control, and which he always experienced where human bodies lay buried. He added, that when he came to such places at night, he saw strange (*Scotice*, uncanny) things. Pfeffel, with the view of curing the young man of his folly, as he supposed it to be, went that night with him to the garden. When they approached the place in the dark, Billing perceived a feeble light, and when nearer, he saw the delicate appearance of a fiery ghost-like form hovering in the air over the spot. He described it as a female form, with one arm laid across the body, the other hanging down, hovering in an upright posture, but without movement, the feet only a few hand-breadths above the soil. Pfeffel, as the young man would not follow him, went up alone to the spot, and struck at random all round with his stick. He also ran through the spectre, but it neither moved nor changed to Billing's eyes. It was as when we strike with a stick through a flame—the form always appeared again in the same shape. Many experiments were tried during several months; company was brought to the place, but no change occurred; and the ghost-seer adhered to his earnest assertions; and, in consequence of them, to the suspicion that some one lay buried there. At last Pfeffel had the place dug up. At a considerable depth they came to a firm layer of white lime, about as long and as broad as a grave, tolerably thick; and on breaking through this, the bones of a human being were discovered. It was thus ascertained that some one had been buried there, and covered with a thick layer of lime, as is usually done in time of pestilence, earthquakes, and similar calamities. The bones were taken out, the grave filled up, the lime mixed up with earth and scattered abroad, and the surface levelled. When Billing was now again brought to the place, the appearance was no longer visible, and the nocturnal ghost had vanished for ever.—It is hardly necessary to point out to the reader what I think of this story, which caused much discussion in Germany, because it came to us on the authority of the most trustworthy man alive, and received from theologians and psychologists a thousand frightful interpretations. To my eyes, it belonged entirely to the domain of chemistry, and admitted of a simple and clear scientific explanation. A human corpse is a rich field for chemical changes, for fermentation, putrefaction, gasefaction, and the play of all manner of affinities. A layer of dry quick lime, compressed into a deep pit, adds its own powerful affinities to organic matters, and lays the foundation of a long and slow action of these affinities. Rain water from above is added; the lime first falls to a mealy powder, and afterwards is converted, by the water which trickles down to it, into a tallow-like external mass, through which the external air penetrates but slowly. Such masses of lime have been found buried in old ruined castles, where they had lain for centuries; and yet the lime has been so fresh, that it has been used for the mortar of new buildings. The carbonic acid of the air, indeed, penetrates to the lime, but so slowly, that in such a place a chemical process occurs which may last for many years. The occurrence in Pfeffel's

garden was therefore quite according to natural laws; and since we know that a continual emanation of the flames of the crystalline force accompanies such processes, the fiery appearance is thus explained. It must have continued until the affinities of the lime for carbonic acid, and for the remains of organic matter in the bones, were satisfied, and finally brought into equilibrium. Whenever, now, a person approached who was, to a certain degree, sensitive, but who might yet be or appear in perfect health; and when such a person came within the sphere of these physical influences, he must necessarily have felt them by day, like Mlle. Maix, and seen them by night, like Mlle. Reichel. Ignorance, fear, and superstition, would now give to the luminous appearance the form of a human spectre, and supply it with head, arms and feet: just as we can fancy, when we will, any cloud in the sky to represent a man or a demon."

The Baron has taken his "sensitives" to newly-made graves; and, as was to be expected, whether we regard the experience as genuine or not, they have felt and seen odic influences. He concludes—

"Thousands of ghost stories will now receive a natural explanation, and will thus cease to be marvellous. We shall even see that it was not so erroneous or absurd as has been supposed, when our old women asserted, as every one knows they did, that not every one was privileged to see the spirits of the departed wandering over their graves. In fact, it was at all times only the sensitive who could see the imponderable emanations from the chemical change going on in corpses, luminous in the dark. And thus I have, I trust, succeeded in tearing down one of the densest veils of darkened ignorance and human error."

We hope that in tearing from us all belief, or even interest, in our dear old ghost stories, the Baron has not been contributing to the support of a delusion quite as dangerous as, and infinitely less exciting than, that of ghost-seeing.

We should be sorry to see a belief in ghosts supplanted by a belief in the power of certain persons to see through a nest of five pill-boxes. We would rather put up with the occasional visitation of a ghost than live next door to one of these prying "sensitives." Whatever might be the moral condition of the true old apparition, it could take no material advantage of us,—but the immoral "sensitives" might find it greatly to their advantage to be under the influence of Dr. Ashburner's friend Major Buckley.

But we must conclude our notice. We have called attention to Baron Reichenbach's book,—and we think that his character, that of at least one of his witnesses, and that of one of his translators are sufficient guarantees that the facts related are deserving of further investigation. That a new agent has been discovered cannot reasonably be asserted without further inquiry;—and it is especially desirable in all future inquiries that the demonstration of its existence shall be sought for on a better basis than the increased involuntary nervous susceptibility of a few exceptional persons in the community.

Henrici Quinti, Angliæ Regis, Gesta, &c., ab Anno 1414 ad 1422. Translated, with Notes, by Benjamin Williams. Printed for the English Historical Society.

We are glad to hear of the English Historical Society again:—but we learn that this volume is produced at its expense only by the very minute inscription contained in the bottom of the medallion on the title-page. Other Societies, when they issue a work, give at least the names of the Council, in order that it may be known who besides the editor are responsible for it. Here, no such information is afforded,—although it may be said to have been rendered more necessary by the long silence of the body, and the infrequency with which its productions come

before the public or are put into the hands of the subscribers. We should like to have known, too, who at this period constitute the general body of members,—that from thence we might have arrived at some judgment as to the amount of funds at the disposal of the Society, and as to the reason why its proceedings have not been more accelerated.

The truth, we are afraid, is, that less encouragement has been given to pursuits of this valuable, but not very inviting, kind than could be wished; and that if such men as Carte, Gale, Rymer, or Rushworth had lived in our time, they would not have been able to print and publish their ponderous, but most important, historical productions. It was a conviction of the importance of such works, no doubt, that gave rise to the Society whose volume is before us; and from the protracted interval between each delivery, there is too much reason to fear that the subscriptions are not numerous. To be sure, the sum required is (or used to be) about five times as much as that paid by individuals belonging to other bodies of a similar character; yet we should have hoped that among the wealthy of this empire there are many willing to come forward with what to them is so trifling an expenditure.

Mr. Williams, the editor of the work before us, has performed his task with judgment and learning. It consists—1, of a Latin Chronicle written by a chaplain in the English army under Henry the Fifth,—2, of the *Chronique de Normandie*, composed by George Chastelain, from a MS. in the public library of Rouen,—3, of a translation of the same *Chronique*,—and, 4, of an Appendix of three documents, all important and illustrative of the body of the volume. To these are added necessary glossaries,—and the whole is preceded by a very intelligent preface. It would be difficult to point out a more interesting period of our history than that to which this assemblage of materials relates:—but if Mr. Williams thought it necessary to follow the French chronicle of Normandy by a translation, we are somewhat surprised that he did not give an English version of the Latin narrative also,—especially as his notes on it and his marginal explanations are all, very properly, in our own language. The object in such cases ought to be, to render the book as readable and as intelligible as possible; and although some pedantic persons might be found to protest against what they are pleased to call the "vulgarization" of such documents, it is undeniable that they would thereby be made more generally useful. For this reason,—referring to the first portion of the Appendix—we should have liked to see the very interesting and curious muster-roll of the army of Henry the Fifth, on his second expedition into France, not only deprived of its uncouth contractions, but rendered into plain English, in order that everybody might have the benefit of the knowledge to be obtained from it. To the really learned it would have been no less useful,—and to the unlearned it would have been vastly more welcome. The same remark will apply, though with less force, to the list of killed and wounded in the Battle of Beaugé, in Anjou, in 1421, derived from the collections of Ralph Brooke.

It will be evident from what we have said of it, that this is not a work which we can well illustrate by extracts:—and indeed, the narrative portions, though not hitherto printed, do not comprise anything very new. We admit their value as contributions to our stock of information,—and any future historian writing of the events of the reign of Henry the Fifth cannot omit to consult them. We are glad, therefore, that they have been put into this permanent shape:

—and various minute particulars not generally known are certainly disclosed.—We must content ourselves, however, with an extract or two from the intelligent Preface of the editor, with which he has taken peculiar pains,—and the authorities for the statements in which he has subjoined as notes. For these we refer our readers to the work,—but we quote a part of what Mr. Williams advances respecting the difference generally supposed to have taken place between Henry the Fifth when Prince of Wales and his father, in his decrepitude, about the year 1410 or 1411. This will testify to the pains which the editor has taken with his subject.—

"About this time a coolness appears to have taken place between Henry and his royal father, although they do not appear to have been at issue on account of either of these expeditions, unless, indeed, the prince's adventurous spirit was mortified by his not having been allowed to lead the former expedition in person; and this was probably the case,—for the monk of St. Denys states, upon the authority of a French envoy, that the prince endeavoured for several days to hinder the departure of his brother, but yielded at last to the representations of his father. This coolness is alluded to by Livius, who suggests that the prince had his detractors, who during his absence from court abused the royal ear. Henry's subsequent severity to the queen dowager and her son Arthur of Brittany suggests a presumption that she had not been a sincere friend to him. The fact, however, appears to be well established, that about the time of the departure of the first expedition, the prince no longer retained his position at the council board. In December, 1411, at the special request of the Commons, the prince received the king's thanks, with the other lords, for the time they were of his council. In both the MSS. of Hardyng it is stated, that the 'prince was discharged of council, and the Duke of Clarence set in his stead; and one adds,—

For which the prince, of wrath and wilful head,
Against him made debate and froward head.

According to the Chronicle of London (Harl. MS. 565), the prince had some months previously gone to London with a considerable body of noblemen and retainers; and it is stated in the collection of chronicles from which the latter part of Henry's reign is now published (MS. Sloane, 1776), and also in MS. Reg. 13, c. 1, that in consequence of the king's malady, which prevented his opening the parliament in person, and disabled him from further application, with any honour, to the affairs of the realm, the prince required his father to resign his crown, which, however, the king declared he would never do whilst he breathed."

A little farther on, Mr. Williams adds, on the same topic:—

"According to the Sloane and Royal MSS. before quoted, the prince, upon being refused the crown, retired and allied himself with the chief nobles through the greater part of England, who owed him homage and service. The prince's 'rety' of lords is mentioned by Hardyng. Henry IV. had certainly become very unpopular in the latter years of his reign, from the mismanagement of those about him, and the lords, in parliament, not only openly expressed their dissatisfaction, but exacted from him concessions which, from their importance, may be termed a Bill of Rights. Perhaps the numerous supporters which the prince found amongst the nobility inclined the king the more readily to that accommodation which is said to have quickly followed. On the last day of Henry IV.'s last parliament, that of 1411, the king had, upon the request of his parliament, expressed his forgiveness of all parties; but the demand of the crown would appear, from Galba E. vii., to have been subsequent to the last parliament."

We are tempted to make, also, a brief quotation illustrative of the attention paid by Henry the Fifth to his navy,—which was not neglected even while he was at the head of his triumphant army.—

"Henry the Fifth may be said to have been the first English sovereign who created a navy of ships of war, which he did in great measure with captures from the Genoese. A list of the navy in

the early part of his reign is given in the 'Acts of Privy Council,' vol. ii., but it was subsequently enlarged. He was certainly the first sovereign who enacted that piracy should be considered as high treason, and that masters of ships should be compelled to swear, that if they took any prizes, they would bring them to port to be adjudicated by officers appointed for the purpose. He appointed a channel fleet, consisting of two ships of one hundred and twenty tons each, five barges of one hundred tons, and five balingers, which were distributed from Plymouth to Berwick. The two former classes carried each forty-eight mariners, twenty-six men-at-arms, and twenty-five archers; the balingers forty mariners, ten men-at-arms, and ten archers. Transports were paid at the rate of 3s. 4d. per ton per quarter of a year, exclusive of the wages of the mariners."

This work is less important both in bulk and in pretensions than some others printed by the English Historical Society;—but it is more interesting, and is likely to be more popular, notwithstanding the want of translations to which we have alluded, and the retention of needless and, we may almost call them, unintelligible contractions. Independently of the impediments which these throw in the way of the reader, we object to them as affecting an appearance of learning and abstruseness unworthy of the really accomplished historical inquirer.

Memorials of Theophilus Trinal, Student. By Thomas T. Lynch. Longman & Co.

THEOLOGY quaint in its terms and wanting in some of the obvious principles of literary art, this little volume well deserves a place on the same shelf with the essays already well known as the production of "Friends in Council." The framework is simple even to baldness—and the reader is rather left to infer the story than formally told. He must suppose that Theophilus Trinal, a mournful and deep-thinking man, residing at Barrenhill, has left behind him certain fragments, large and small, on various topics relating to the conduct of life,—which Mr. Lynch has been good enough to edit and offer to the world. This machinery is commonplace and unnecessary. But the reader who should lay down the book at such a sign of weakness—though a safe course in most instances—would do himself a great wrong in this particular case. A vein of true and virgin ore is traceable throughout the volume from first to last. The thought is often noble and original—the metaphors and illustrations are now and then singularly fresh and beautiful—and the pervading sentiment is one of great kindness and hope. Yet there are drawbacks. The style of the modern prophets is rarely good,—and as the youngest of the company, Mr. Lynch enters the guild with the usual credentials. His writing is not even—nor is the tone of thinking always sustained at the same level. The matter is sometimes as obscure as the best professors of the art could make it,—and occasionally the manner is not clear of the charge of frivolousness.

A book of detached thoughts must of course speak best for itself, page by page:—yet a sample or two will give no unworthy idea of the whole. Here we take a cluster from the vine.

"In practicalness, we require honesty to do something; wisdom to do the thing possible, and next us; courage to do poorly, and as at our worst, when we must do this or nothing. We can only, then, satisfactorily affirm to ourselves the dominance of a spiritual affection, when conscious of an answering practical tendency. There must be a confidential friendliness between our moral meditation and our common conduct, else we despise self, and others will despise us; we become moralizing liars to ourselves, and our conviction neither to self nor others vouches for a deed. Often we will not plant our acorn, because it

springs not up at once before our eyes an oak. We feel that in a manner we have the grown oak within us; can see it, but cannot show it. Our vision deceives us not, if as a vision we regard it; it is a true dream of prophecy. A stout oak for timber and for shelter there may rise; but, as yet, it is not except in vision. We must plant our germ in the soil fast, and be patient, for the first shoots will be feeble, and the growth slow. The thinking man has wings; the acting man has only feet and hands. It is what the hand findeth to do that must be done with might; and what the hand findeth, must be at hand—reachable. The eye pierces into infinite space; so is it with man's thought and hope. The hand reaches forward but a yard; so is it with man's work: it is where he is that man must labour. In our deed, we must not so much be afraid of bungling and inadequacy, as beware of insincerity. He who persists in genuineness will increase in adequacy. Pride frustrates its own desire; it will not mount the steps of the throne, because it has not yet the crown on. But till first throned we may not be crowned. Pride would be acknowledged victor before it has won the battle. It will not act, unless it be allowed that it can succeed; and it will do nothing, rather than not do brilliantly. It is well sometimes to fall below self—sometimes to fail. Not only thus are we goaded and stirred, and our resolve braced; but the effort being one that conscience demanded, saying, Do what you can, we get assurance that we love excellence, and not alone have complacency in our own manifestations of ability. A divine blessing is on industry according to forethought—on a step-by-step advance according to tentative, approximative method. It is thus we gain success, inward and in the world; it is thus that we come to the heights and hidden places where truth has inscribed words, erected memorials of things done, or prepared stations for outlook upon extensive prospects; it is thus that we obtain place and influence amongst men, clear some little space in the wilderness of the world, and leave behind us timber-trees and fruit-trees in its forests and orchards."

The poetry is scarcely equal to the prose:—yet it is of the kind that promises riper and better fruits hereafter. No single piece that we can find is quite to our mind:—yet our readers will see that the spirit of a poet and some of his powers hide under the modern disfigurement of a too artificial quaintness.—

The World's Marriage.

The rough World weary with his work,
One evening sat alone;
And said—oh! that I had a wife,
Purer than would be my life,
What follies have I done!
Stubborn and fierce, I'm full of sin,
Yet tenderness I feel within.

Sweet Poetry, love-worthing maid,
Even then was wandering near,
And with her clear and silent eye
Fix'd on the clear and silent sky,
Watch'd for the earliest star;
And stood before the rough World's face
In majesty of bloom and grace.

Straight from his heart the morning broke,
Spread on each cheek a flush;
And as she turning saw him stand
In bearded beauty close at hand,
Love rob'd her in a blush;
She was the pale red moon at full,
Fronting the bright sun powerful.

They wedded, and a son was born,
His name they call'd—the New;
His earliest infancy was blest
With milk, and smiles, and bosom rest;
And as the nursing grew,
Father and mother in the joy
Saw themselves, with wondering joy.

His young heart was a morning heaven,
Broad, pure, and still;
Soon thoughts upraptured by desire,
Swelling, blending, mounting higher,
Like clouds his spirit fill;
Dark bright the towering masses range,
Boding showery wind and change.

The father frowns, the mother sweet
Smiles upon her son;
Mid freaks and waywardness of youth,
She marks his energy and truth;
And for new follies done,
Wise and gentle, well she knows
Some plea of love to interpose.

The rough World, ever comforted
And softened by his wife,
For her dear sake will much endure,
Himself he knows has not been pure
And equal in his life;
His strength, her spirit he would see,
Her thought, his practicalness, she.

Thus waiting long, they watch and hope,
The boy in power grows;
His streaming energy the while,
Still spreading like the waves of Nile,
As widely overflows;
And not for spoil the waters rise,
Retiring, they shall fertilize.

"His blossoms first, now leaves he hath
Needful, though not so fair."
Said Poetry, "So is our son
Like the almond and mezerion,
And ripe fruits he will bear:
This middle leafy strength hath he,
That flower in fruit may perfect be."

Some of our readers will prefer the following.—

A Return from Music.

How dreamily we walk, at night,
Home from a music sweet!
A ghostly sound the foot arouses,
As you pass the shadowy houses,
There is no one in the street;
But, perhaps, a woman all alone,
The music of whose life is done.

From some window shines a light;
Is there one who sleeps
While a sister or a mother,
Or a father or a brother,
Tender watching keeps;
And sweet hope, as the hours pass by,
Makes low and distant melody?

In that room where shadows move,
A mother new may be;
While he who is a father made,
With feeling very strange and glad,
His little one may see;
And now are baby, man, and wife,
The three-part harmony of life.

Farther on, from high above,
A student's lamp will beam;
Night silence is as if a wind,
Filling the organ of his mind;
And, like music in a dream,
With many a change of stop and key,
Thought advances wand'ringly.

Wakful, within their silent rooms,
Some still may musing lie;
And in this middle hush of night,
Perhaps a thought of old delight
Jars the harp of memory;
And startles every slumbering string,
Sad sounds confused awakening.

But round you, in the darkened rooms,
Are families at rest;
Gradual and gentle came repose,
Silently deepening, like the snows;
And now in many a breast
Rules dream-power, with musician's skill,
Guiding the spirit as he will.

The young man of the maiden dreams,
The maiden dreams of man;
Her treble airiness and grace,
His powerful supporting base,
Complete each other can:
Each heart hath its peculiar tone,
But none were meant to sound alone.

Your house now in the lamp-shine gleams,
And, entering, you soon
With head upon your pillow are,
Where, scarcely listening, you hear
Thought faintly hum its tune;
Like mother who sings child asleep,
Singing on to make the slumber deep.

Mr. Lynch's best vein is the oracular. He defines a thought or suggests a train of ideas with much felicity. Speaking of the office of suffering, he says "sorrow is surgery,"—a definition which might be amplified to any extent; and when dealing with the subject of misanthropy—which he traces to blighted love—he reminds the reader that "the thorn was once a bud."—We must make room for one extract more.—

"I had been thinking: Wit and work are the two wheels of the world's chariot; they need to be equal, and each fixed fast. But now the fires shining through the unclosed windows, and the pleasant glimpses of domestic scenes within, filled me with new feeling and led to new thought. One room especially arrested my eye and heart. There sat in it a girl laughing heartily—the fire-light shone on her merry, and as they seemed handsome, features. 'You seem, dear girl,' thought I, 'gay and innocent; there you sit, happy at least for the hour, while out-

side your window may pass women young as yourself, their dress squalid, their natural grace already wasted with vice or pain—their lot perhaps never such as yours, nor ever to be such—and yet you, how know I what is within you and around you and before you? This half-hour's mirth may be but as a wind that cometh not soon again. But I would rather suppose you happy, and your life hopeful and good—then you are an "elect lady;" you may make a "sunshine" in many "shady" places. Pursue your work, and may you prosper: your happy face will often be excellent medicine; your word and laugh a restorative cordial for worn spirits.' A well-clad woman in a well-furnished room is a sight right pleasant to see; yet a shrunken form in a bare dwelling may be the environment of a soul that suits the correspondence, the dress and furnishings, the graceful and free life of the lady. *May-be*, I say: not all the first are last; but many are, and many of the last first. A beautiful external life symbolizes a beautiful internal life, even if such life be absent. It stands for a reality that exists somewhere. The marble bust of a woman is beautiful, though the marble be cold and dead; and though it may not represent actual living grace, yet the living heart of woman must have given expression to living features, to make this bust possible. To create the beautiful forms and fashions of social life, how much human loveliness and intelligence have had being and activity! And though circumstance and cash may put around some of us a show of life to which we have no interior relation, and which therefore tells nothing of us; yet this show has a most real significance concerning human qualities and delights, and even to us it gives some semblance of possessing these. Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with a mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence. If you are poor, yet pure and modestly aspiring, keep a vase of flowers on your table, and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for you consideration and delicacy of behaviour."

It will not be doubted that the man who has written thus, may hereafter be again heard of honourably in the guild of letters if he shall care to cultivate his faculty of expression. At present his attempt can be only a half success. The wealth that is in his book is not coined into the forms that obtain an easy currency. By and by art will probably come to the aid of nature. The artist will learn how to concentrate the lights which he now wastes by needless scattering,—and with amended manner will come the chances of a more assured and more deeply felt success.

NEW TALES.

Light and Darkness; or, Mysteries of Life. By Mrs. Catharine Crowe. 3 vols. Colburn.—To those who are unfamiliar with the 'Causes Célèbres,' the collections of Feuerbach, the 'New Pitaval,' and other such works, Mrs. Crowe's 'Mysteries of Life' may be strongly recommended. As a grim November book, holding fast the awe-stricken reader, it can have very few, if any, competitors. Its authoress has "a way with her" very nearly as impressive as that of the *Ancient Mariner*. In all her longer stories, even where the incidents are the most ingeniously improbable, Mrs. Crowe has narrated them with such sincerity as entirely to fascinate us into acquiescence with their wonders. In this respect she approaches Miss Edgeworth,—who never dropped a glove in a first chapter, but that the picking of it up, or the throwing of it down again, in subsequent pages, was sure to exercise a serious influence on the happiness of the *Rosamond* or *Clarence* for whom she had to provide. Mrs. Crowe does not possess Miss Edgeworth's command over varieties of character and corresponding plasticities of dialogue. This may be in part a reason why, in quest of incident, she naturally turns to the police

record and the superstitious legend. We know of no one to whom a robbery—an innocent person under a cloud—or a criminal, with every witness of his crime silenced—may be so safely intrusted. We know of no one so ready and solemn over a ghost-story as she is. In short, after its kind and colour, Mrs. Crowe's Book of Darkness—a collection of short stories exhibiting the night-side of Humanity—may be honestly commended. Such Light as therein lies may be looked for in the ingenious tale of 'The Money Seekers,'—and 'the comical adventures of the turban contested for by Miss Smith and her namesake. To be more precise on the occasion would be to break a good custom.—We might have been attracted rather than deterred by our uncertainty as to the sources whence Mrs. Crowe has derived her stories,—and might not have inquired how often she has altered their catastrophes (as, for instance, in the case of 'The Bride's Journey,' the material of which is derived from the trial of the Antonini family—reported by Feuerbach);—but our authoress owns in her preface, with a meritorious candour, that many of the stories have already been published in the periodicals,—and hence we hesitate to deal with them in detail.

Villa Verocchio; or, the Youth of Leonardo da Vinci. A Tale. By the late Diana Louisa Macdonald. Longman & Co.—There is with every poet a time at which a tragedy must needs be written. Very nearly as universal among prose-writers of Fiction is that phase of imagination which attempts the Art-novel. Nothing is so tempting as the subjects,—nothing is so easy as a certain grace of idea and poetry of diction in its execution;—and yet the cases of success are curiously few. Perhaps 'Les Maîtres Mosaistes' of Madame Dudevant is the only recent tale in which with a strict conformity to the peculiarities of the style is combined sufficient of human interest and comprehensible adventure to satisfy either the technical or the general reader. 'Villa Verocchio,' at least, cannot claim any very exquisite praise. It is elegant, but vaporous;—its hero seeming to be as little like the Leonardo da Vinci whom we know as having become the painter of the Medusa, the engineer, the architect, the philosopher, as can well be fancied. The adventures, ideas and traits with which he is credited might just as appropriately have been ascribed to the most "moonish" follower of Carlo Dolce or of Baroccio. In truth, it may be laid down as a canon, without fear of being dogmatic,—that at the age when persons are the most moved to write Art-novels, they can know little about Art—that they cannot have struck the balance betwixt imagination and scientific knowledge, contemplation and rhapsody, which operation must be performed ere the points of the subject can be seized, so as to give the man's (not the artist's) heart play within the circle embraced. This 'Villa Verocchio' contains smooth paragraphs and sweet pages,—and includes a love adventure, in which Da Vinci's loved one dies; but the story is without individuality,—which its hero can never have been at any period of his career.

Ireland and Wales.—[*L'Irlande et le Pays de Galles*]. By Amédée Pichot. Paris, Guillaumin & Co.

Dr. Pichot knows England and the English better than most of his countrymen who publish "Impressions of Travel" on their return from trips across the Channel. Before his first visit to these shores—now many years ago—he had already learned to appreciate our literature; the pages of Scott—as he tells us, having relieved his graver studies while he was yet a mere youth

"making his rhetoric" under the "good Oratorian of Juilly." Since then he has steadily kept this early bias; and his occupation for many years as Editor of the *Revue Britannique*, following a course of historical pursuits on British ground, has given him an acquaintance with the works and ways, the books and authors, of this country not common in any foreigner, and least of all, perhaps, among our nearest Continental neighbours. This familiarity has been improved by frequent visits; which have brought the critic into personal contact with not a few of the living writers introduced by his means to the French public, or have led him to spots illustrated by the names of our deceased worthies in whose memorials his reading has given him a friendly interest. A traveller of this class sets forth with that disposition to observe fairly which is one of the many good fruits of previous study of a foreign literature. He enjoys, moreover, the advantage of seeing many things which escape the uninformed eye; and of receiving from associations that say nothing to the mere stranger a pleasure the reflection of which gives warmth to the descriptions of what he has seen. To the Parisian reader, accordingly, Dr. Pichot, when he relates his experiences and remarks, will certainly afford more both of entertainment and of instruction than is commonly found in the journals of French adventure in these islands.

If his volumes should prove somewhat less interesting here, the chief cause of this difference is no fault of the author. When he speaks of places and names familiar to us, relates anecdotes or sketches biographies well known to educated Englishmen,—still more when he enters on graver topics, and loads his chapters with extracts from "blue books" or statistical collections,—we must remember that he writes for Paris, where these are little known, and not for London, which may have already had "some what too much of this." A large part of his materials, whether of the lighter or of the heavier kind, will accordingly be skipped by the English reader, not as valueless in themselves, but as having been long since valued and disposed of.

In justice, however, to the pains taken in these collections, the least—and the most—we can do will be to name the heads of some of the principal dissertations: such as, "the Clergy"—Maynooth, of course, included; the Temperance movement; Latin scholars in Kerry; Education in England and Ireland generally; the National and Kildare Street School systems. There are surveys of the Shannon navigation; and many pages on the Land Question in chief, or on its subordinate branches,—among which are the Potato and the Pig, Tenant right, Whiteboyism, Flax cultivation, and the plantation of Ulster. These serious discussions, bristling at times with figures which suggest alarming reminiscences of blue books and Review articles, are now and then relieved by lighter essays—notes on Dean Swift, on the Dramatists and Preachers of Ireland, on Duels, &c. Two long concluding chapters, however, plunge us again, without respite, in the very depths of the "Irish question,"—a sea too wide to embark upon at the close of a book of travels, begun in a holiday vein. For those readers who are bold enough to encounter such matters in a work of this class, we report that the materials have been collected with industry, and are commented on in a temper which those even who differ from Dr. Pichot's conclusions will allow to be candid and considerate.

The lighter results of his tour will be found entertaining. The personal adventures are told in a style so brisk, flowery, and confidential, that we could have wished for more of such recollec-

tions, and fewer of the Doctor's gatherings from the collections of others. It always excites curiosity to see our own features reflected in a mirror to the focus of which our eyes are unaccustomed—especially where it gives the highest degree of dissimilarity possible on this side of absolute distortion. From the entire difference between the cardinal points in the characters of the two nations respectively, this effect can seldom appear more strongly than in a view of British subjects by a well-informed and candid Frenchman.

Dr. Pichot, we find, would have given us more of his own observations had not the Revolution of 1848 fallen upon his work while going through the press. The original plan—conceived in times more auspicious for book-sellers and "editions of luxury"—was, for three volumes;—two of personal notices, illustrated by engravings,—and a third for the statistical and political materials. The troubles of February not only delayed the appearance but altered the arrangement of the book. They have suppressed the embellishments, and reduced the three volumes to two:—an operation that has impaired the harmony of the work. To find a place for the essays on topics of social importance, Dr. Pichot has sacrificed a part of his own diary,—which ceases to give us a connected narrative soon after his landing in the south of Ireland; and the sketches of a personal character afterwards thrown in here and there among dissertations and extracts relating to the public economy and politics, lose much of their effect from our companionship with the writer having been broken. Everything, indeed, after the chapters already printed when the change of scheme became necessary speaks of interruption and curtailment. We are carried to and fro between distant places without any clue by which to trace the author's journey; and chapters describing the state of things at one period, are followed by accounts of what was seen on a subsequent visit some years later,—the explanations wanted to connect these observations having probably been cut off in the process of "restricting the scale." We shall therefore ascribe rather to evil times than to want of editorial skill a good part of any disorder and incoherence that may be found in the compressed volumes.

These volumes were designed as a sequel to those 'Historical and Literary Travels in England and Scotland' which Dr. Pichot indited some twenty years since; to the great displeasure, as older readers may remember, of certain Quarterly critics,—who not only charged the young traveller with sundry mistakes on matters of fact, but sharply rebuked him for venturing to describe the persons and sayings of some eminent men to whom he had obtained access. On the latter head of offence, the Doctor's indiscretions—if such they were—have long been eclipsed by many who have taken more than his licence with less of his good nature, and with not half of his excuse in the novelty of a literary pilgrimage to England by a French traveller. No undue freedoms of this kind will be found, at all events, in the present volumes. In respect of accuracy, his studies and reviews of English books throughout so many years have greatly improved his later surveys; although here and there—in the vivacity of the moment—he may still be found setting down notes rather curious than exact:—as, for instance, where he finds Shakspeare's Avon at Salisbury,—says that Waterford owned in 1844 "more than 150 ships of 800 to 1,000 tons burden,"—calls Tennyson "the poet whom young England has proclaimed its chief,"—or asserts that English navigators whom the contractors found it profitable to employ on the Paris and Rouen Rail-

way were "imposés à la compagnie par les Anglais." On the whole, however, comparing the tenor of his reports with the astonishing discoveries which his countrymen are apt to make in England, Dr. Pichot must be considered as a pattern of correctness. That he often miswrites the names of persons and places, is hardly a matter of surprise. It has long been established almost as a law of nature that the French have some physical peculiarity which makes it impossible for them to spell foreign denominations correctly.

Although the title of the book speaks of Wales as well as of Ireland, it says but little of the Principality. Landing at Southampton, Dr. Pichot travels, *vid* Salisbury and Bath, to Bristol; from thence, crossing the Channel, he touches on that part of South Wales only which lies between Swansea and Milford,—where he embarks for Ireland. The sister island he appears to have seen pretty completely. Although, as we have said, his journal takes us but a little way in the south, the dispersed notes of his further travels meet us in all parts of Ireland:—at Gweedore, on the Giant's Causeway,—in Dublin, where he visits O'Connell in his durance at the Dublin Penitentiary,—in sketches of Limerick and of Lough Neagh. Here we have glimpses of all the four provinces in 1844; while some chapters of a later date belong to a second visit, made after the famine of 1847-8 had withered the face of the land,—when O'Connell, the Liberator, and Steele, the Pacifist, had given place to more alarming objects of public interest. Of this more recent tour we have scarcely any personal notices, except in the account of a second visit to Gweedore; which, taken in connexion with the first, is by far the most valuable matter in the Doctor's book. The pages expressly describing the effects of the famine are not many, nor these in any way notable:—it would have been well, too, had the author distinctly stated what is set down on this subject from his own observation and what from the report of others. Here, and on other occasions, there is an acknowledgment, by direct quotation, of a good deal of borrowed material; but there remains not a little besides, for which Dr. Pichot has probably been more indebted to his scissors than to his note-book.

Of the journey to Ireland we are told that one main object was to see, face to face, "*Le grand O'Connell*,"—whom our author, as a good Frenchman and an orthodox Roman Catholic, had been taught to regard at a distance with unbounded admiration. The result of this pilgrimage will be apt to disappoint the reader who hears of it early in the book in terms which excite expectation. A personal interview—not without difficulty, it seems—was obtained; but the Doctor could only partake of an audience at Richmond as one of the crowd who daily besieged the prison for that honour. Accordingly, he there saw and heard nothing of "the hero" which passes the level of commonplace. The great Agitator looked stout, prosperous, and younger than his portraits,—and favoured Dr. Pichot with a short conversation in French on continental affairs. This, and some account of the other prisoners, is the whole result of the interview. The account, altogether, is not the liveliest of Dr. Pichot's sketches; and this is the more sensibly felt, as it is ushered in by a poem of no small pomp on heroes in general, claiming for "the Liberator" a place at the side of Odin, Cromwell, and Napoleon. After such a commencement, which will be apt to strike most English readers breathless, it would indeed have been difficult for the good Doctor to return from his visit with anything sufficient to impress them as *dignum tanto hiatu*.

Among the more readable chapters must be mentioned the account of a visit to the vaults of St. Michan's, in Dublin,—which has the virtue of preserving its dead nearly as well as the famous Capuchin cellars at Palermo, or the caverns of the Kreuzberg overlooking Bonn. There, the relics of the two unfortunate brothers Sheares—though now, it is said, forbidden to be shown—were inspected by aid of some dexterity and donations; and the entire adventure is described with a certain tone of romance for which we shall not too strictly refuse a traveller's privilege,—in the hope that other particulars, which follow, of the Republican training of John Sheares in France, by no less a heroine than the notorious Théroigne de Méricourt, may be taken as historically authentic. They are "curious if true." The "*Aspasie* of the Reign of Terror" appears in this episode in a character at variance as well with her early career as with her ignominious decline. She is represented as uniting the severest chastity with revolutionary fervour, and offering up all her passions for a time on the altar of her country. Lamartine, who has sketched this strange priestess in rather glowing tints, cannot have known how nearly she was connected with one of the "martyrs of revolution" in Ireland, or he would not have failed to add this heightening dramatic touch to his picture.

Of other anecdotes and biographical details, the most, as we have said, will, like this, be new in France, if not here. Many an English reader, too, will meet with places in both volumes which may either refresh his memory or add to his information,—attesting the success with which the author has cultivated our literature and the interest which he takes in our soil. On this ground alone, independently of the amusing tone of his narrative, the Doctor may fairly claim a welcome in this country:—and we must remember, that but for the misfortunes of his own land we should probably have had to thank him for a present more complete and entertaining.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Acts of Parliament, 13 & 14 Viet, 1850, 8vo. 4s. 6d. swd.
Anatomical Remembrancer, 4th ed. 8mo. 3s. 6d. swd.
Analysis and Summary of Theology, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Bellamy's (Dr. J.) True Religion Delimited, 3s. 6d. cl. (Ward.)
Blank page Bible, 8vo. 11s. 6d. cl. 11s. 6d. morocco, (Bagster's.)
Bradley's (Rev. C.) Sacramental Sermons, 3rd ed. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Brown's (Dr. J.) Exposition of our Lord's Intercessory Prayer, 7s.
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Cook's (P. W.) Hydrocephalus Reconsidered, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Cumming's (Dr.) Occasional Discourses, Vol. II. 4th ed. 6s. 4d. cl.
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Graville's The Modern Work, 6th ed. 8vo. 15s. cl.
Gibbon's (F. E.) Abridged History of France, 12mo. 1s. swd.
Gibson's (F. E.) and her Negro Chief, by C. M. B. sq. 1s. 6d. cl.
Greenwood's (J.) Treatise on Navigation, Illustrations, 2s. (Wesley.)
Hanselman's Holy Scriptures Considered, Lent Lectures, 1850, 3s. 6d.
Handbook to Harrow on the Hill, edited by T. Smith, 6s. 2s. 6d. cl.
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Howard's Scripture History, 2nd series, The New Testament, 3s.
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Kemp's (E.) How to Lay out a Small Garden, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
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Laidman's (L.) Analysis of New Stamp Duties Act, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
List of Proper Names in the Old Testament, 8vo. 4s. cl.
Longfellow's (H. W.) Poems, with "The Seaside" complete, 3s. 6d.
Lynch's (T. T.) Memorials of Theophilus Trial, 6s. cl.
Murray's (A. J.) The Western World, 4th ed. 3 vols. 11s. 12s. cl.
Observations made at the Observatory, Hobart, Vol. I. 11s. 2s. cl.
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Popular Library, "Kirkland's Western Clearings," 1s. 6d. cl.
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Statutes, 13 & 14 Viet. 1850, royal 8vo. 13s. 6d.
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LOCKE AND HIS FRIENDS.

Oct. 15.

ALLOW me to thank your correspondent for the answer, communicated in your last number, to my inquiry as to the burial-place of Lady Masham. I

have been favoured from another source with the same information,—and also with a copy of the inscription on the monument to her memory in the Abbey Church at Bath. I send it to you to complete the characteristic and affecting records of this eminent group.—

Near this place lies Dame Damaris Masham, daughter of Ralph Cudworth, D.D., and second wife to Sir Francis Masham, of Oates, in the county of Essex, Bart., who, to the softness and elegance of her own sex, added several of the noblest accomplishments and qualities of the other.

She possessed these advantages in a degree unusual to either, and tempered them with an exactness peculiar to herself.

Her learning, judgment, sagacity, and penetration, together with her candour and love of truth, were very observable to all that conversed with her, or were acquainted with those small treatises she published in her lifetime, though she industriously concealed her name.

Being mother of an only son, she applied all her natural and acquired endowments to the care of his education.

She was a strict observer of all the virtues belonging to every station of her life, and only wanted opportunities to make those talents shine in the world which were the admiration of her friends.

She was born on the 15th of January, 1638, and died on the 20th of April, 1708.

This is beautiful, though it has not the exquisite simplicity of the epitaph to her mother. It is redundant; and we hear too much of "endowments," "talents," and such slight wares,—which are very well in the world, but not worthy to be set forth on the tomb of a great woman like Lady Masham.

You perceive that I was wrong in asserting that Sir Francis and Lady Masham had no children. The "only son" mentioned above was Francis Cudworth Masham, Esq., a Master in Chancery and Accountant-General of that Court,—also Foreign Apposer (what is that?) in the Court of Exchequer. He died in 1731.*

Still greater was my surprise to find that Sir Francis had a former wife, daughter of Sir Wm. Scot, of Rouen, and Marquis de la Mezange,—and that by her he had no less than eight sons. Of these, seven died before him,—and the eighth was Samuel, first Lord Masham, and husband of Abigail Hill. He was created a Baron in 1711—so that Lady Masham did not live to hear the name which she had so ennobled by her virtues and merits degraded by a base intrigante. The ill-gotten and dishonourable nobility was as short-lived as it deserved to be. Their only surviving son married twice, but left no issue:—and with him the barony expired, in 1776.

Seldom has there been a more abrupt transition, or a greater fall, in one generation, than from the high-minded daughter of Cudworth to the vulgar and treacherous waiting-woman who succeeded her.

It is surely very strange that neither does the tombstone of Sir Francis Masham bear the least allusion to his wives or children, nor that of his son Samuel (first Lord) to their relation to each other. This confirmed me in the error into which I had somehow fallen.

I forgot to mention a fact of far greater interest, which we heard at High Laver,—namely, that Newton had visited Locke's tomb. Was this a sort of expiatory pilgrimage? One might almost think so, in reading those two ever-memorable letters which are among the most awful and moving manifestations of the greatness and the littleness, the weakness and the strength, of the human mind. If the cloud that visibly overshadowed the mighty and transcendent intellect of Newton shows on what a frail tenure we hold our greatest gifts,—on the other hand, how very little lower than the angels is the serene and tender magnanimity of Locke! With what exquisite delicacy does he handle the sick and penitent spirit!—how careful is he not to be too completely in the right! There is nothing that he ever wrote which raises him so far above the ordinary level of humanity as his simple letter in question.

If we imagine that Newton came as a penitent to this quiet grave, it is consolatory to feel assured that the voice within and around it spoke peace to the mighty but troubled spirit. S. A.

P.S. Another error which I have to correct is, the place of Cudworth's internment.—It is in Christ College, not King's.

* Collins's 'Peerage.'

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

THE following Report on the relics brought home from Cape Riley by the Prince Albert, made officially to the Admiralty by Capt. Parry, will be read with great interest.—

Haslar Hospital, Oct. 11, 1850.

"Sir,—On receiving your letter of the 7th inst., and the box containing bones, canvas, rope, and wood recently found at Cape Riley, upon which your Lordships desire a Report from Sir John Richardson and myself, I considered the best way of complying with their Lordships' wishes would be to refer the bones and wood for examination to Sir John Richardson whose skill and experience in such matters are greatly superior to mine, and to give my own attention more particularly to the pieces of rope and canvas.

"I have now the honour to inclose Sir John Richardson's Report, and to offer the following suggestions of my own:—

"The only questions of any material interest are two—

"1. Were the articles left at Cape Riley by any of Sir John Franklin's people?

"2. If so, about what period?

"Independently of Sir John Franklin's Expedition, there are, *primæ facie*, only three possible ways of accounting for the rope and canvas being found at Cape Riley:—

"1. They might have been left by the parties under the command of Lieutenants Beechey and Hoppner, whom I sent to examine the coast on our first discovery of it, on the 22nd of August, 1819.

"2. If the rope and canvas belonged to the *Fury* when we lost her in Prince Regent's Inlet in 1825 (having landed all her stores on the beach for heaving the ship down), it is possible that these articles may have been discovered by the Esquimaux, appropriated to their own use, and carried to Cape Riley in the course of their peregrinations.

"3. The articles might have been conveyed by one of Sir James Ross's travelling parties detached from his ships in Port Leopold in the spring of the year 1849.

In dealing with these possibilities, we may, I think, arrive at the following conclusions:—

"1. It is quite certain that no encampment was formed at Cape Riley by Lieut. Beechey and Hoppner; the parties were on shore only a few minutes, having been recalled in consequence of a fair wind springing up. Nor could the pieces of rope have been left by them, since the yellow worsted thread is pronounced by the officers of Chatham Yard to fix, beyond all doubt, the date of its manufacture subsequent to the year 1824, as the order assigning different coloured worsteds to each yard bears date April 23 of that year.

"2. The order just referred to was issued exactly three weeks before I left England with the *Hecla* and *Fury*, on that voyage in which the latter vessel was lost in Prince Regent's Inlet—that is, I left the *Nore* on the 19th of May of the same year (1824), having quitted Deptford on the 8th. These dates coincide so nearly with that of the order above quoted, that I deemed it advisable to write to Capt. Richards, Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard, to inquire whether he thought it possible that the new regulation of inserting the yellow worsted may, as a special case, have been anticipated in furnishing rope to the *Hecla* and *Fury*.

"Capt. Richards's very clear and satisfactory reply (of which I enclose a copy) proves, beyond all doubt, that the rope was not supplied to the *Fury*; while the circumstance of its having been made of Hungarian hemp shows that it was not manufactured prior to 1841.

"3. The third and last question is merely one of fact; and it has, I understand, been ascertained from Sir James Ross that the party he sent out to the northward from Port Leopold did not land quite so far westward as Cape Hurd, so that they never approached Cape Riley within thirty miles.

"The above facts appear to me to lead to the inevitable conclusion that the rope was left at Cape Riley by Sir John Franklin's Expedition, and in all probability the canvas likewise, as that also bears the Queen's mark.

"With respect to the period at which this occurred, which can only be conjectured by the state and appearance of the several articles picked up, their Lordships will observe from Sir John Richardson's very interesting report that, so far as the question admits of solution, there is at least a strong probability of their having been left at Cape Riley about the year 1845.

"I would, therefore, submit to their Lordships what appears to me the most probable conclusion,—namely, that Sir John Franklin's ships having reached this neighbourhood on their way out in 1845, and being stopped there for a time by the state of the ice (as I was, and as we know the present searching expeditions have been), a couple of boats may have been detached from each ship to land at Cape Riley to make the usual observations, collect specimens, and examine the coast—a common occurrence in all such expeditions. If detained for a night, each boat's crew may have pitched its own tent, and one for the officers, making five in all. The only circumstance which I cannot explain (supposing the encampment to have been formed by Sir John Franklin's people) is, the large size of the tents, which Mr. Snow has just described to us as 12 feet in diameter and upwards, and which is certainly very large for tents generally used on such occasions. This may in part, perhaps, be explained by the stone being thrown from the centre, and the circle thus considerably enlarged when striking the tents.

"At the commencement of their enterprise (which, looking to former discoveries, the entrance to Wellington Inlet may fairly be considered), a party from the *Erabus* and *Terror* might not think it of any importance to leave a notice of their visit, though it is much to be wished that they had; and I should hope that at some more advanced position Capt. Ommanney and the other officers will have succeeded in discovering some such notice, affording positive information of the missing ships, and of the route they are likely to have pursued.

"On the other hand, I feel confident, that if the expedition, or any portion of the people, had landed at Cape Riley at a more advanced period, when success began to be doubtful, and especially if in distress, or with a view to effect escape from the ice, some distinct notice of the fact would have been left at a point so prominent and so likely to be visited as Cape Riley. I may add that under such circumstances it is very highly improbable that provisions so heavy and bulky as salt beef and pork would have formed a part of their supply; and mutton would, of course, have been wholly out of the question.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
"WILLIAM EDWARD PARRY, Capt. R.N.
"To the Secretary to the Admiralty, &c."

The Reports of Sir John Richardson and his assistant Dr. Clark on the bones and wood brought home are of a technical character,—and point in all respects to the same conclusions. We may add, however, certain observations made in the way of comment by Col. Sabine—which complete the case as it stands at present. He says—

"Perhaps it may throw some light on the fact of there being five tents, that the magnetical instruments supplied to Sir John Franklin's expedition would require more tents than any previous or any subsequent expedition.

"There were three magnetical instruments, each of which would require a separate tent, and these three tents would only be entered at stated periods for observation.

"Besides these three, there would be required a fourth tent for miscellaneous observations, and a fifth for the protection of the observers.

"I was, therefore, always prepared to expect that whenever the traces of a winter station of the *Erabus* and *Terror* should be found there would be some appearance discovered of five tents in the locality where the instruments of the *Erabus* should be placed, and five for the *Terror*.

"I think it probable that the two ships would establish their observatories at some little distance apart from each other, because it would contribute to convey a character of independence to each. I think it far more probable that the traces which have been discovered are those of a winter station, than of a station occupied for a few days during the season of navigation, from the quantity of the remains of provisions which I understand to have been found, and which are much more than are likely to have been consumed by an observing party during the very short time that the instruments would have been put up at a temporary station. It is quite possible, however, to suppose that the ships may have been stopped during the season of navigation, and without any immediate prospect of getting on, about the time of the monthly term days,* and the tents may have been established and the instruments landed for observation on the term day—that is to say, they may have all been in order for commencing about twelve hours before, and the observations continued for twenty-four hours. But at the close of the term day they would without doubt have been embarked with all convenient despatch."

On this evidence, as we have already said, it seems nearly clear that the first part of Sir John Franklin's adventures in the Arctic Sea is at length told.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE French journal *La Presse* announces "a wonderful discovery":—nothing less than Magnets which are so sympathetically affected by the presence of precious metals that they infallibly indicate the place of their presence however hidden. The experimenters have nothing more to do than hold the magnets in their hands and follow the indications. In proportion as the spot of concealment is approached, the attraction becomes more and more powerful,—and finally the discovery is made, says the *Presse*, in the most precise and "despotic" manner. Some remarkable and "conclusive" cases are already mentioned:—and, finally, it is reported that a trial was about to be made at M. de Rothschild's.—How the old quackeries and impostures come round and round again, after being laid by for awhile to rub off the rust of exposure!—Strangely enough, too, we live in days that expressly invite them. The age is at once positive and speculative. To the scientific marvels of the time themselves we may partly owe it that no superstition can offer itself too gross for acceptance. The sudden removal from the field of the familiar to that of the hitherto unknown—the conquest of new scientific ground—makes the vulgar (and "the vulgar," be it understood, includes classes who have no suspicion that they belong to the category),—credulous as to every silly rumour of the strange treasures which the latter may contain. The impostor sets himself up by the side of the philosopher. The march of science has the marauder.

* A term day is one day in the month on which it was arranged that simultaneous magnetic observations should be made in all parts of the world; these days were known to Sir John Franklin, and they were the only days on which during the season of navigation those magnetic instruments requiring the tents above alluded to would be employed."

on its track.—It would have been strange, indeed, if these magnets had not come back to an age of star interpreters and alphabetical ghosts, mystic crystals and mesmeric illuminations. Why should the Zaddicks have it all their own way in the world of fools!—In respect to the case before us, other particulars are given by the *Press* which satisfy us that we are well acquainted with the juggle, if not with the jugglers. Some years since, the parties alluded to, or parties professing to do the same thing with like instruments, arrived in London, from Spain,—and were introduced by the Spanish Ambassador at Holland House. There they "performed" to the admiration and amazement of a very distinguished company. The magnets were unimpeachable, at least unimpeached. More than one party present was so convinced of the reality and importance of the discovery, that we were applied to with a request that we would bring the "facts" before the public. This we refused to do. We have taken service with the philosophers, and must not desert to the quacks.—We were then requested to satisfy ourselves of the truth by having a trial at our own house. To this we objected, on the ground that if others had been deceived, we too might fail to detect the fraud,—but should not have a jot more faith in the professed powers of the instrument if we did. In fact, if we had seen the magnets perform with "distinguished success," we should have admired their training,—and disbelieved their inspiration. This, as is usual with credulous and confident people, was held to be a willful shutting of our eyes against the discoveries of science; so, after a good deal of persuasion and consideration, we consented—partly out of personal regard for one of the mystified—to witness a performance. Of course we took all precautions—stored away the treasure to be detected where not a single person but ourselves knew, and before the parties arrived—and the result was—what it was sure to be under such circumstances—a ridiculous failure!—Experiments were tried over and over again; always on our part with the same precautions and always on that of the exhibitors with the same result.—Then, the exhibitors took to fencing with this disagreeable fact. Ingenious conjectures were hazarded in explanation of the failure!—one, that the parties had been residing in the neighbourhood of the Bank, and the vast amount of treasure deposited in that building had injuriously for a time affected the instruments!—Accordingly, though perplexed and staggered, our friends were not quite convinced; and we were told—various reasons being given—that the only perfect test of the instrument would be in the open air. Treasures in a house next to our own, for instance, might, it was said, have affected the deflection of the instruments. The performers undertook to find a bag of silver anywhere in any field if placed within 150 yards of the spot of concealment. To this trial we again consented. A day and hour were named,—and a locality was agreed on, about 18 miles from London. Reminded, as we had been thus drawn in as a party, that we would fully expose the juggle if possible, we took the precaution of visiting the scene of operations a day or two before,—caused a couple of acres of ground to be ploughed up,—in the night-time, and alone, buried the bag containing the silver,—and then had the field harrowed over. In due time the performers arrived; and after half an hour's manipulation and manoeuvring—and as we thought observation—the infallible magnet pronounced judgment:—and was all wrong! We asked whether, as on the former occasion, the baffled parties wished to repeat the experiment. They did.—"Well then," we said, "the buried treasure may as well remain where it is,—you already know one place where it is not,—in the former experiment you were placed not within 150 (as agreed on) but within 50 yards of it,—and we will now place you within 25!"—It was all to no purpose. The very accidents of the case were more than ordinarily against them,—as if for rebuke, their infallible magnet, as if in league with us, led them in an absolutely opposite direction to the right one. This time our friends were convinced:—so we dare say are our readers.—We must add, to the honour of the discoverer, as he was called,

that he then and there declared that no exhibition should again take place in England until he should have satisfied us of the powers of the instruments. Of course we never heard of him again—and we believe that he soon after returned to Spain.—Strange as it may seem, we believe this man was an honest dupe:—that there were a "Subtle" and a "Dole" engaged in the affair, but that the "discoverer," as he thought himself, was a mere "Abel."—After this statement we should think the juggler may keep his magnets in France,—and let M. Poitevin take them up on his donkey to discover some of the lost treasures which are said to be hidden in the moon. They should scarcely draw an audience in England.

The new Palace of Industry begins to rise from the ground. Not only in the beauty of its form and brilliancy of its materials, but in the rapidity with which it seems to grow does it realize the magic of an eastern fable. What a day or two ago seemed a confused plantation of iron columns, is now the graceful outline of a principal part of the structure. The pillars appear suddenly to have fallen into their proper places, in regular lines, nearly 800 feet in length, and marking off four of the grand avenues. The transept shows itself above the hoarding:—the whole framework of the lowest tier being already fixed, and also part of the next in elevation. Within the inclosure, the scene is an organized confusion. The number of workmen employed is so great that the inexperienced eye fancies they must be in each other's way:—but the disorder is only apparent. Each man has his allotted task,—the whole are working in harmony; and hence the fairy-like rapidity with which the crystal edifice is rising up. A steam-engine is on the ground,—and the fires of a multitude of forges form a strange and characteristic feature of the scene.—It is now arranged that the internal decoration of the building shall form part of the Exhibition itself. Already numerous applications have been made for this purpose. It is announced that surfaces of limited area, will be appropriated to artists offering specimens of ceiling and of wall decoration. The galleries will be protected by ornamental iron railings. The body of the Palace, the passages and refectories, will afford ample opportunities for the display of stone or marble fountains, statuary, carving in wood, and work in papier-mâché or other materials. Other products of industry which require some kind of setting for their due exhibition—as glass-staining, grand altarpieces, and the like—may also not inappropriately form parts of the building.—We may as well add, for the information of parties who may contribute in this way, that the space so occupied will not be subtracted from that which they may have already claimed of the local committees in the main body of the Palace.

It seems probable that out of the idea of the Great Exhibition several local museums of great value and importance will grow. For example, the General Committee at Liverpool intend to make a permanent collection of specimens of all articles brought into England at that emporium—including the several varieties of grain, fruit, woods, earths, metals, wools, wines, manufactured goods—and so forth. Such a collection, properly described as to the dates when imported, the prices at that time, the countries whence brought, and otherwise, according to the peculiarities of each specimen, would prove of great interest both to the native merchant and to the stranger. The collection may be added to from time to time as new articles of consumption are discovered or old materials undergo important modification. The idea is a good one,—and deserves to be taken up in other towns. In arts and manufactures the advantages of such collections must be apparent to every one. How interesting, for example, to Manchester would be an historical collection of all the machines that have been used, and will hereafter be used, in the manufacture of cotton! At present the machines which have gone out of use only a few years ago are no longer to be found:—by the end of the century it will be difficult, if not impossible, to recover any correct knowledge of many of them. A collection of machines, commencing even now, and receiving additions as new inventions

come out, would form a permanent history of the future progress of invention.—Another important object would be gained. At present, if an American, a French, or a German inventor goes to Manchester with a new machine, he has to carry it to some private machine-maker's workshop for deposit,—and then go about and ask persons likely to be interested to call and see it. Often he leaves the district without half showing it. Were there a public collection in which it could be placed at once, the press would advertise its arrival, and in a few days a fair and general estimate would be formed of its merits. In other towns the benefits would be also great—and the expense trifling. Nearly every town has—or is forming—a museum of local geology and natural history, and this is usually the first thing for which a stranger will inquire. Why not have as part of such an institute a museum of local arts, produce and manufactures? This would be still more interesting to strangers. If complete, it might be made to represent the wealth, the progress, the industry, and the peculiar genius of the town in miniature.—Each district should have its own peculiar schools and its own peculiar museums, both shaped according to the local accidents which it yields.

Our readers will be glad to learn that the design of a dead wall at each end of the frontage to the British Museum is abandoned,—and that the original plan of a continued iron palisade will be reverted to.—The *Builder* says that the proposal to erect such walls did not originate in a fastidious demand for privacy on the part of the officers who inhabit the wings,—and who have been the subject of a good deal of undeserved censure on that supposition. The proposition, says that authority, emanated solely from the architect, Mr. Sidney Smirke,—and was prompted by, amongst others, what we have already said would at least have been an intelligible reason,—the desire to mask what is a deformity on the facade of the building. We thoroughly admit to Mr. Smirke the propriety of hiding that offence, if it can be done by any means which do not constitute another. But to conceal the bad exception by disfiguring the fine whole, is a bungling way of going to work:—seeking the cure for an error in its multiplication. It is an established mode of architectural proceeding in England, nevertheless,—but still, we submit to Mr. Smirke whether a more direct and satisfactory method would not have been, the erection of wings which should have had no need of a screen?

The Westminster Bridge Committee have issued their Report; and, as the public expected, they recommend the erection of a temporary bridge to afford accommodation to the public during the re-erection. The confusion of some of the witnesses examined reminds us of a story told of a certain board of magistrates in the west of Ireland who met to consider the propriety of erecting a new gaol,—when, after a protracted and bewildering discussion, they formally passed three resolutions:—namely, that a new gaol should be built,—that the materials of the old gaol should be used in constructing the new one,—and that the prisoners should be kept as securely as possible in the old gaol until the new one was ready for their reception! The present Committee re-affirm the recommendation of the former Committee: they suggest the neighbourhood of the present site for the new bridge,—but do not suggest the exact line. They seem unable to arrive at any clear decision:—but the subject will probably be resolved next parliamentary session.

The trustees of Owen's College, at Manchester, have at length, it is said by one paper and contradicted by another, selected as Principal of the new institution, and Professor of Logic there, Mr. A. J. Scott, Professor of English Language and Literature in University College, London. They have taken a house not far from the New Public Library, to be used as the College,—and their friends hint that the first session may commence early next year. The trustees will need to improve the pace at which they have hitherto advanced if that consummation is to be reached so soon. As they have taken seven or eight months to name one professor, in case he be named, the rate of progress hitherto observed would give, by very simple arithmetic,

three or four years to the selection of the several Professors of Classics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages. If we are rightly informed, the delay occurs entirely from the trustees ignoring the provisions of the founder's will, and applying religious tests where Mr. Owen expressly declared that no test should be applied. As we have said, we are unable to understand either the logic or the consistency of these trustees. If they disapprove of the instrument under which they act, they can resign. Nothing obliges them to obey Mr. Owen's directions if their conscience forbid:—but they have no right to retain an office the functions of which they will not discharge truly and faithfully according to their commission. Of the reasoning on which they attempt to justify their breach of duty, we gave our readers a specimen a fortnight ago:—how curious to think that the framers of such syllogisms have been sitting in judgment on the rival claims of a hundred professors of logic!

A new College—with notable features of its own—is about to be established in Glasgow. It is to consist of two distinct parts,—the school proper and the college. In the first, as is needful in a great commercial city like the western capital of Scotland, youths will be grounded in the elements of a sound commercial education; in the second the senior students will go through the usual course of preparation for the Universities. The college is to be self-supporting, unsectarian, and non-political. The fees, it is said, are settled on a scale so low as to make the trial interesting as an experiment,—and the hours of lectures will be variously arranged to meet the requirements of all classes of the community. The lectures are to be open to ladies:—and a library and reading-room are to form parts of the establishment.

The Carlisle Grammar School is one of the most ancient foundations of its kind in England. By a register still preserved in the library of the Dean and Chapter it appears that it was founded by St. Cuthbert in the seventh century. Like everything else in the city, it was ravaged and destroyed by the Danes. William the Second refounded it in the twelfth century,—and though it was again broken up at the dissolution of abbeys and monasteries in the days of Henry the Eighth, it was again re-established in 1542 as part of the cathedral appendages. As such—an almost useless out-house of the church—it has continued down to our own times: when the spirit of inquiry being aroused, people are beginning to ask if it be not possible to turn it to better account. Several men of eminence in the Church have been connected with it in early life,—and there seems to be little doubt that under a revised system of management it might be converted into an institution of great service to the town and neighbourhood. The endowment consists of 20*l.* a year paid to it by the Dean and Chapter, and the rent of the Farby estate,—which estate comprises 150 acres of land, situate in the parish of Addingham. The income is stated to be only 120*l.* per annum from both these sources—and it is said that the great obstacle to a reform of old abuses is, want of funds.—We will tell the friends of reform in Carlisle that the want of funds under the circumstances is the strongest proof of abuse. A meeting has been held with closed doors—the press and the public equally excluded,—yet enough has transpired of the debate which took place to make us aware that the dignitaries who are connected with the existing wrongs were anxious to spread a belief that not only did the old charter discountenance changes, but that there was no money to carry them out even if they were held to be desirable. A popular committee, chosen in a public meeting, would, we think, soon explode these fallacies. As the Dean and Chapter are so fond of quoting the old charter, such a committee would probably inquire if the present annual payment of 20*l.* represents in value the amount originally fixed on the charter revenues, when money was worth so much more than it is now. Such a committee would find it due to some monstrous abuse that 150 acres of land in Addingham parish yields only 100*l.* a year. The worst land in England is worth more than a yearly rental of a pound an acre:—and the Farby estate is far from being of the worst. We have some knowledge of

the way in which educational and charitable estates are jobbed away: and we have little doubt but that under a new system of management the Carlisle Grammar School endowment may be made to yield five or six hundred pounds a year.—Besides this improvement—and in consequence of it—the public would gain confidence in the object aimed at, and not withhold their support. Requests are few because givers have no faith in the race of administrators. Charity is not exhausted,—the means are more abundant than ever,—the honourable desire to be remembered in connexion with the education and happiness of society will never become extinct. Let the system of instruction be enlarged and improved,—let sinecures and jobbery be abolished,—let the people themselves have an ever-returning right of supervision,—and support will not be asked for in vain. The point now is, to obtain a public meeting—and the nomination of a committee of inquiry. The rest will almost follow as a matter of course.

"The land may belong to the lord,—but the landscape belongs to mankind in general," says a wise old proverb:—but the ducal owner of a famous Pass in the Highlands of Scotland practically repudiates this fragment of the wisdom of our ancestors. He says, the land and the landscape—the road and the forest—belong exclusively to him,—and no man shall enjoy a share of the beauties and conveniences thereof except by conquest. Such a declaration startles, as a witch would, in these times. The feudal days have returned, it would seem, and taken up their abode in the Vale of Glen Tilt. If a man can fight his way through the Pass, as in the good old times, it is open to him:—not else. Gentle words and legal decisions are wasted on the Murray chieftain. True to the more barbarous traditions of his order, he scorns to submit to any other argument than that of brute force. The figure of a modern duke, dressed in what may be least offensively described as an anachronism, recreating the ladies of his establishment with the sight of the slaughter of wild animals driven for the purpose down the Pass, and setting his gillies to look out for unsuspecting travellers, like an ancient ogre, is one not easily "realized" by men who are living under a police dispensation. The pretension of any man in our time to seize a "monstrous cattle" of the earth, without the help of title-deeds, for his sole enjoyment, would come too near a piece of huge pocket-picking, but for the touch of chivalry which induces the noble pretender to the privilege of sending every traveller in the Highlands thirty miles out of his direct way, to put his claim to the gage of battle. The duke will fight for the handkerchief which he filches.—We fear, however, that the forms of the thirteenth century will hardly serve his purpose. Men have lost their faith in the battle ordeal. The decision of the fist generally will never be held as final,—each man will hold that he has a right to try it individually. Considering the regard so often expressed in England for high titles, we believe there will be many persons between Thames and Tweed who will care little for a bruise or two when measured against the honour of having thrashed a duke. Indeed, we see nothing but wars and rumours of wars for the hero of Glen Tilt while he continues to hold that convenient Pass against the public,—and its backer, the Law.—A few policemen might do good service in those northern latitudes.

The DIORAMA, Regent's Park.—Admission, One Shilling.—NOW OPEN, with the finest VIEWS ever exhibited in this country, representing the ROYAL CASTLE of STOLZENFELS, on the Rhine, created by Her Majesty Queen Victoria in August, 1845, and its Environs, as seen at Sunset and during a Thunder Storm; painted by NICHOLAS MEISTER, of Cologne. And the much-admired Picture of THE SHRINE of THE NATIVITY at Bethlehem; painted by the late M. RENOUX, from a Sketch made on the spot by DAVID ROBERTS, Esq. R.A., with novel and striking effects.—Open from Ten till Five.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION. LECTURE on the BALLAD MUSIC of ENGLAND, by Mr. George Barker, illustrated by his own compositions, every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight o'clock.—LECTURE on the HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE, by Dr. Bachoffner.—LECTURE on CHEMISTRY, by J. H. Pepper, Esq., illustrating the ANCIENT FIERY ORDEAL and the SHRINE of RED HOT METAL.—MODEL of WESTON'S PATENT NOVA-MOTIVE RAILWAY at work daily.—DISSOLVING VIEWS, illustrating some of the WONDERS of NATURE, daily at Half-past Four, and in the Evenings at a Quarter to Ten; also a Series, exhibiting SCENES in the ARCTIC REGIONS and CEYLON, daily at one o'clock.—DIVER and DIVING BELL, &c. &c.—Admission, 1*l.* Schools, Half-price.—Open daily from Eleven till Five o'clock, and every Evening (EXCEPT SATURDAY) from Seven till Half-past Ten.

EGYPT, NUBIA, and ETHIOPIA.—THE GREAT MOVING PANORAMA of the NILE displays the scenery of the interesting countries, and the manners and customs of their inhabitants, presenting to the spectator the River and the Desert, the Pyramids and the Sphinx, the grandest Ruins of Antiquity, and the most exciting objects that allure the traveller.—EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—Daily, at Three and Eight.—Admission, 6d. to 6*l.*; 1*l.* to 5*l.* Stalls.

INDIA OVERLAND RAIL.—DIORAMA.—GALLERY of ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent-street, Waterloo-place.—A Grand MOVING DIORAMA of the ROUTE of the OVERLAND RAIL to INDIA, exhibiting the following places, viz.—Southampton, Dover, Isle of Wight, Osborne, the Needles, the Bay of Biscay, the Berlingas, Cintra, the Tagus, Cape Trafalgar, Tarris, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Alexandria, Cairo, the Desert of Suez, the Canal, Station, Suez, the Red Sea, Aden, Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta.—Is now OPEN DAILY.—Movings at Twelve, Madras, and Calcutta, and Evenings at Eight.—Admission, 1*l.*; Stalls, 5*l.* to 6*l.*; Reserved Seats, 3*l.* Doors open half an hour before each representation.

FINE ARTS

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Colossal 'Bavaria.'

Munich, Oct. 9. EVERY one in Germany, if not in England, has heard of the great annual People's Festival held here in October. This year it was of special interest, and attracted an unusual number of strangers, from the fact that the uncovering of Schwanthaler's colossal statue of Bavaria was to take place during this great week of gaiety.

This stupendous work of Art—awful in its Titanic proportions and its calm majestic beauty—the result of ten years' incessant anxiety—stands on a broad meadow to the west of Munich,—a portion of the great plain that stretches away to the feet of the Alps. It rests on the edge of what appears at first to be an artificial terrace,—but is in fact a huge step where the plain suddenly descends into that lower plain on which stands the city of Munich. The figure of this colossal Virgin of the whole German world—with her majestic line by her side—is 54 ft. high,—and is placed on a granite pedestal 30 ft. in height,—so that the beautiful temple of the *Ruhmeshalle*, or Hall of Fame, erecting behind, seems dwarfed into strange human insignificance.

This figure, typifying the spirit of recognition and reward of all excellence and achievement whatever, stands with upraised wreath, as if ready to crown any Bavarian who may be worthy to enter her temple of fame. It was a grand idea of King Ludwig's, this of placing the Genius of Reward on the spot consecrated to the people and their annual meeting. It is in this meadow—the Theresa meadow, as it is called—that the October *Volks-fest* is held; and here the King distributes prizes to the peasants—prizes for horses, and cattle, and agricultural produce, as well as for success in all the athletic games here celebrated. Henceforward, all successful accomplishment will be crowned in the presence of the impersonated Bavaria,—as well the more popular achievements alluded to as those of the poet, painter, musician, and philosopher. Each is to receive in the presence of his assembled country, from the hands of the monarch, the acknowledgment of merit.—Such at least is the intention of King Ludwig.

The *Ruhmeshalle* is unfinished,—and will require for its completion at least two or three years more. It is a beautiful Doric building, of white marble from the Untersberg,—adorned with emblematical friezes by Schwanthaler. It was designed by Leo von Klenze; and the busts of all the great men of Bavaria, without regard to difference of religious belief or to origin, are to be arranged along the walls.

It was the intention of the King that the uncovering of the 'Bavaria' should have taken place on the 3rd of this month, in order that all the peasants assembled for their festival, which commences always on the first Sunday in October (this year falling on the 6th) should be witnesses; but the weather has been reading a striking lesson this past week to the kings and queens and princes assembled for the great ceremony. Autumnal rains and gloomy leaden skies have shown themselves powerful over potentates,—as well as indifferent to the wishes of vast numbers of travellers assembled from all quarters of Europe and America, and hundreds and hundreds of simple country folk who have come long miles to the city to do homage to the great Colossus. Had this been "the great image which King Nebuchadnezzar set up

heaven could not have seemed more adverse to its day of inauguration. Rain! rain! rain!—un- ceasing rain:—a very deluge, as if to sweep a second idol-worshipping generation from the face of the earth! The greatest uncertainty accordingly prevailed as to the day on which the 'Bavaria' festival would be held. It was to be on the Thursday,—it was to be on the Friday,—on the Saturday,—then, on the first fine day in the following week:—and the People's Festival must commence on Sunday, with the huge screen still concealing the idol from its assembled worshippers.

Soon after twelve o'clock on Sunday all Munich began to stream forth in motley groups towards the Theresien Wiese. Citizens in crowds, peasants in crowds,—all carrying umbrellas under their arms,—carriages and peasants' waggons—vehicles, in short, of all descriptions—rolled onward in one living tide.

Between the long, green, natural terrace on which stands the 'Bavaria' and the last scattered outskirts of the city in this direction lies the Theresa Meadow,—which was swarming with people and covered with erections for the Festival. A second terrace had been formed into an immense flight of steps, or a succession of lesser terraces—in the centre of which the grand orchestra was to be stationed; while on either hand were decorated seats for the officers' ladies,—the terraces themselves forming standing-places for the prodigious crowd. Below is the race-course,—and beyond rose the royal tent, on wooden steps, and resembling in form a monster umbrella. It was painted blue and white,—these being the Bavarian colours; and here and there over the meadow were erected raised wooden seats for the visitors,—all adorned with festoons and wreaths of spruce fir, frequently bound together by twisted draperies of blue and white. I can give no idea of the extreme elegance of these simple decorations,—hundreds of spruce firs must have been cut down for the occasion. Whole groves of these favourite German trees, too, were planted everywhere, from the beer-house to the royal tent.

At length a cannon sounded:—and with a tramp of cavalry and gay outriders, King Max, accompanied by his brother King Otho—conspicuous in his crimson fez and rich Albanian costume—dashed up to the royal tent. Ludwig was there to receive them. Then came the King of Saxony and hosts of grantees:—and the military bands burst forth with our National Anthem, which the Germans call their *Volkshymne*. The business of the day then began. The prize cattle were presented to the King,—the races followed—and so ended the first day of the *Volk-fest*.

Instead of describing the feats or festivities of the second or third days—which seemed to consist principally of shooting at marks and athletic games, I will proceed to the great event not only of the Festival, but of my letter. The 'Bavaria' now stands revealed in all her dignity, beauty and glory to kings and people.—But let me yet speak a word or two about the status itself.

Through the interior of this bronze tower-like figure ascends a winding staircase leading to a chamber in the head large enough to contain twenty-eight persons,—whence through openings among the curls the spectator can look across the plain and city and towards the glorious Alps. This may give an idea of its colossal size. But beyond the poetry of mere size,—beyond that which arises from its connecting our thoughts at once with the sublime works of antiquity, and with history and romance of modern date from the fact of its being cast out of Turkish cannon sunk in the battle of Navarino and brought up by Greek divers—there is a yet deeper poetry in the work. This arises from reflecting on the ten years of toil—stupendous toil—mental and bodily, of its creators,—the difficulties overcome by patient industry,—the dangers endured with unflinching courage,—and the melancholy truth that the final accomplishment of the mighty work is unwitnessed by the two men whose very lives seemed bound up in its success.—Schwanthaler the sculptor and his friend Lazarini, his "right hand," as he called him, who modelled the colossal figure under his direction.

Though Schwanthaler was already attacked by his fatal malady at the time when he designed the

'Bavaria' at the King's suggestion,—he not only modelled a variety of designs for the Colossus, but also completed a smaller figure of the 'Bavaria' as we now see her, thirteen feet high. When the huge wooden tower was built in the Royal Bronze Foundry, and after what may be called a gigantic wooden skeleton had been erected by a crowd of carpenters,—after tons and tons of clay had been piled together over this, so as to form a mass of material on which to work,—there, day after day might be seen the unwearied, energetic, though physically suffering sculptor, guiding with watchfulness and love the accomplishment of his idea, which ever grew beneath the hand of his friend Lazarini and his troop of workmen.

Stiglismayer, the originator and director of the Bronze Foundry, died in 1844, just before the casting of the 'Bavaria' began. His nephew, Ferdinand Miller, full of youth, energy, patience, and experience, was ready to succeed him. The castings took place at five different times,—commencing with the head. This was cast in 1844. In casting the bust of the figure—the largest portion—the greatest difficulty had to be encountered. It was necessary to melt for the purpose twenty tons of bronze,—five tons more than had ever before been melted in the furnace. As this immense mass of metal slowly began to fuse, it began also to cake,—thus threatening to destroy not only the casting, but the whole furnace, with untold danger to life and limb. Six men had, in spite of the oppressive heat and the ever-increasing glow of the furnace, to take it by turns night and day incessantly to stir with long iron bars the molten mass lest it should adhere to the furnace walls and so bring annihilation on all. On the evening of the fifth day of anxiety, when Ferdinand Miller for the first time sought a short repose in his chair, he was suddenly aroused by his faithful and anxious fellow watcher, his wife, with the cry of "Ferdinand awake! the foundry is on fire!" It was so. The ever-increasing heat of these five days and four nights had caused fire to burst forth among the rafters. To have attempted to extinguish the fire by water, with this molten mass below, would have caused the immediate destruction of the place. All that could be done was, by means of wetted cloths to keep down the fire. This was tried,—and the melting went on as before. Amid such danger did the casting of the bust take place about midnight on the 11th of October 1845. "Success!" was shouted forth; a load of anxiety of many kinds fell from every breast;—and all then hastened to the complete extinguishing of the fire.

Various have been the ceremonies connected with the casting of the 'Bavaria.' When the head was first raised out of the pit in which it had been cast, King Ludwig and a number of distinguished persons being present, a festival was held, in which garlands, music and illuminations played a conspicuous part. On August 7th, 1848, when the figure was complete,—all the separate portions, except the head, having already been removed to the Theresa Meadow on a carriage constructed expressly for the purpose,—the head was conveyed thither with every mark of festival rejoicing. On the following day the bell of the little church of Neuhausen tolled,—and Ferdinand Miller, the noble and courageous "master," accompanied by the workmen of the foundry, went to return thanks for the accomplishment of their arduous work. They had commenced their labour with prayer four years before in that little church,—and now they offered up thanksgiving, that their task was not only achieved, but achieved without loss of life or limb to a single member of their band.—But Schwanthaler and Lazarini,—where were they!

Now, for the festival.—In the cheerful sunshine and beneath a cloudless heaven all Munich proceeded towards the Maximilian Platz, where the Bavarian procession was to assemble,—accompanied on the way by a vast sound of singing, as if all the *Singereins* were joining in chorus. At nine o'clock the wide Platz was alive with an expectant and well-dressed crowd—citizens, peasants, officers, students, artists,—a motley, joyous multitude. A strange apparition approaches:—it looks taller than the tallest houses,—*gens-d'armes* riding before clear the

way. This is the 'Bavaria's' spinning wheel! placed on a low car, and drawn by six horses,—horses and car all wreathed with flowers. Then came the festal car of the Innkeepers, with their offering to the great goddess of the day. Next followed what might be called a splendidly illuminated car,—an offering from "the grateful *Vorstadt Au* to the illustrious founder of their church—their beloved Ludwig." To this succeeded a colossal sword and steel gauntlet, drawn likewise on a festal car,—the car of the Sword-makers and Cutlers:—and so the procession grew. The Locksmiths and Carpenters, the Masons, the Decorators and Gilders, all sent their representatives glittering with gold and ermine, and looking like the figures of some show in an enchanted city. The very butchers had idealized their trade:—so had the bakers, the confectioners, the weavers, the gardeners,—every trade in Munich, in short. Nor were the sculptors, painters or foundry-men behind-hand with their tributes. Wonderful were all the devices,—strange, grotesque, and beautiful.

And so all Munich proceeded with banners, music, and a vast rejoicing towards the Theresa Meadow. The streets and suburban lanes were swarming with the multitudes awaiting the wonderful procession. As we emerged on the plain, we saw that already the earthen steps and terraces were black with an assembled multitude, while streams of pedestrians and streams of carriages poured across the meadow. All previous points of attraction were now centred in the spot fronting the 'Bavaria'; where a second royal tent had been erected,—different entirely from the white and blue umbrella of my former description, and more like a canopy supported on four slight pillars. Long ropes, stretching down from the wooden screen which concealed the 'Bavaria,' were firmly fastened into the green turf.

About 12 o'clock,—after King Ludwig, accompanied by his Queen and King Otho had arrived, and when the whole plain from the neighbourhood of the 'Bavaria' to the very city itself was gay with carriages and an untold moving multitude on foot,—the fantastic procession, consisting of all the trades' offerings, gradually approached to the sound of music and amid the shoutings of the people:—passing before the King and presenting their gifts.—Having witnessed the arrival of the first portion of the procession in front of the royal canopy, we took our station on the sloping bank a little to the right of the 'Bavaria,' and nearly opposite the royal party,—to gaze upon the wondrous crowd of human faces turned towards the pavilion, and towards the quaint forms slowly advancing through the multitude like grotesque ships steering their course amid a human ocean—fluttering banners on long staves telling as sails and masts. Beyond this rolling sea lay a broad stretch of green plain,—then the city, with its towers and pinnacles rising into the clear blue sky—and, far off, the solemn mountain chain.

When the whole procession had passed, the horses were unharnessed and the strange cars were grouped upon the meadow. A troop of singers ascended the mound, and passed behind the wooden screen, or rather screens, which concealed as yet the motive spirit of this living scene. The important event of the day was at hand! A hush fell on the expectant multitude,—the hush of intense expectation. Suddenly swelled forth the notes of the overture composed expressly for the occasion. Then came another pause. An arm was raised in signal:—and through the great silence was heard the distant sound of the saw and hammer at work severing the timbers of the condemned screen. The thrill of expectation grew more intense. A rope was loosened by a small human figure, far up aloft,—the screen fell with a huge sound which the roar of the cannon repeated and the shout of the multitude prolonged,—and the mighty 'Bavaria' stood revealed:—awful and beautiful—of a pale, tawny gold colour—the sunlight catching on her sublime brow, on her rounded shoulder, on her strong large arm which pressed to her side a laurel-wreathed sword. It caught on the sword-hilt, and burned and glittered like a star:—a beacon, no doubt, far away.—Then fell the lower screens; and bands of singers, with banners displayed,

swarmed on either side the pedestal,—and broke forth into one mighty song of triumph. In presence of that marvellous closed Virgin their voices sounded strangely small and human.

After the song came an oration by the painter, Teichlein. He looked a mere black dot standing at the foot of the statue,—and his voice sounded like the voice of some booming insect. Three cheers for King Ludwig succeeded:—and in a few minutes the long gay train of royal carriages was seen, amid the shouts of the crowd, rapidly returning towards Munich. H.

M. DELAROCHE'S NEW PICTURE.

ONE of the latest efforts of one of the chiefs of the French school of painting—'Napoleon crossing the Alps,' by Paul Delaroche,—has arrived, and is now on view, in this country. The principal peculiarity which distinguishes it is, that of the remarkable extent to which the exhibition of particular truth may be pushed—the extreme to which the fascination of executive skill may usurp the more imaginative readings of a subject. The picture in question is a fresh demonstration of the bias of this artist's mind,—already well known more as dealing with the matter-of-fact truths of accessory particular than for deep thinking or active imagination. 'Strafford going to his Execution,' 'Charles the First insulted,' 'Cromwell contemplating the dead Body of his Sovereign,' 'The Princes on the Night before their Murder in the Tower,' and the previous renderings of the Little Corporal, by the same painter, are each and all marked by their mastery in mechanical appliance rather than by any mental government. No better example can be found of this deficiency of philosophic dealing than in the artist's great painting of the Hemicyle at the Beaux Arts. The theme—which undertook to illustrate the history of his own art and of its great masters—was one to have inspired even a dull painter with noble conceptions. Yet by an artist so eminent as Delaroche its great capabilities are frittered away in the presentment of subordinate and picturesque particular. To this the delineation of character is sacrificed. For the mighty and sullen genius of the Sistine, figures an old Parisian artificer,—the graceful and gentle author of the Stanze and the Loggia has a representative in a *bel masqué* habit,—and the variously gifted painter of 'The Lord's Supper' is nearly hidden under his properties as a member of a *tableau vivant*. In the mere details of all these figures, as in those of 'Napoleon crossing the Alps,' the painter is at home:—the drawing of the *genus homo* in its ordinary and casual aspect is usually well managed. The characters of the personages are, as we have said, generally absent. Dexterity of manual appliance directed by scholastic training takes the place of creative and suggestive Art.

As offering a striking contrast to this manner of Delaroche's, we might mention the 'Ugolino' of our own Reynolds. There, the mental resources of a great thinker take place of all extraneous matter. The spectator, little disposed to be critical on the fidelity of the appointments of the Italian noble or of his family, is absorbed in sympathy with his misfortunes. His lofty brow reveals the inward struggle of his high nature,—and the man and the father alone engage our attention. The specific facts of costume are lost sight of in the exhibition of human woe in some of its most pathetic forms of appeal.—A contrast more near to the painter's hand may be found by comparing the present with a former treatment of the same subject by a compatriot of his own—David, the artist of the Republic and of the Directory. Inspired with a fervour of the classic ages—the models in his day in all departments—the republican painter undertook to render to posterity the lineaments of the French Hannibal. The wide and ambitious genius of his hero was to be expressed,—and he sought a motive that was noble and clear. The episodes and accessories chosen were all such as helped to make significant the victory over obstacles interposed.—The view of the same subject taken by M. Delaroche depends on the recognition of humbler excellencies. With him, the end and the means are physical,—and his work is to be judged of by that lower standard. It would be unjust to tax the author of this picture

with negligence, for the omission of qualities which were never within his range, scope or intent—elevation of purpose and the expression of sentiment.

An officer in a French costume, mounted on a mule, is conducted by a rough peasant through a dangerous pass, whose traces are scarcely discernible through the deep-lying snow,—and his aide-de-camp is just visible in a ravine of the towering Alps. These facts are rendered with a fidelity that has not omitted the plait of a drapery, the shaggy texture of the four-footed animal, nor a detail of the harness on his back. The drifting and the imbedded snow, the pendent icicle which a solitary sun-ray in a transient moment has made—all are given with a truth which will be dear to those who exalt the Dutch School for like qualities into the foremost rank of excellence. But the lofty and daring genius that led the humble Lieutenant of Ajaccio to be the ruler and arbiter of the destinies of the largest part of Europe will be sought in vain in the countenance painted by M. Delaroche.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—There is a rumour abroad—to which we will attach no belief till it shall have confirmation,—that the national monument to Sir Robert Peel has been quietly given away to one who, though a member of our own Academy, may almost be called a foreign sculptor,—Mr. Gibson. We have already pointed out the wrong which would be done to the occasion by the Minister's taking on himself to consider the parliamentary grant for this popular purpose as in any sense within the scope of his private patronage,—but the wrong would be made yet more conspicuous by this particular appropriation of the people's money. That the fruit which the country has a right to expect from competition should be sacrificed to a job of any kind, would be bad enough; but that it should be sacrificed for the purpose of commissioning a sculptor who lives and works abroad—taking no share in the duties of his position, including the Art-teaching of the people,—and coming here only once a year for the purpose of carrying away what he may pick up—would make Lord John Russell's assumption of a right to deal at his private pleasure with this fund show as a yet greater offence.—To send arbitrarily out of the country the work for which the sculptors of England should contend, would be a proceeding seeming as if designed to mark in the most emphatic way possible Lord John's determination to "do as he likes with his own."—As we have said, we shall require some better evidence than mere report to make us believe in any such private settlement of this public matter.

Mr. Scharf, the well-known artist whose acquaintance with ancient marbles "all men durst swear for," has made a curious and important discovery, at Marbury Hall, in Cheshire, of a fragment of the frieze of the Parthenon. The authenticity of the fragment—to say nothing of its merit,—would satisfy an officer of the detective police,—for it fits its parent stone in the British Museum with a nicety that answers doubt. There is a promise, it is said, on the part of its present possessor of presenting it to the British Museum:—an example which the French might follow, if they were generous and cosmopolitan, with the fragments of the Elgin marbles in the National Collection,—of little use where they are, but of great importance when placed with the series to which they belong.—The collection at Marbury Hall was formed at Rome in the middle of the last century by Mr. J. H. Smith Barry,—and has long been famous.

Messrs. Fox & Henderson, the contractors for the Palace of Glass, have issued a tinted lithograph, by Mr. Hawkins, of the long perspective view of that fairy edifice,—we believe, however, only for private circulation. The drawing is the same from which we were obligingly permitted to take the view which first brought the aspect of this beautiful structure before the public. But the scale on which it is here engraved throws all former representations of the building into the shade,—and certain accessories of still and of animated life are introduced to compose the whole into somewhat more of a picture.

The inscription for the pedestal of the Tindal statue, by Baily, has been contributed by Mr. Justice Talfourd,—and is as follows:—"The Right Honourable Sir Nicolas Conyngham Tindal, Knt., D.C.L., Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, born at Chelmsford, A.D. 1774, died A.D. 1846. Erected A.D. 1850, to preserve for all time the image of a Judge, whose administration of English law, directed by serene wisdom, animated by purest love of justice, endeared by unwearied kindness, and graced by the most laudable style, will be held by his country in undying remembrance." This inscription will be in raised bronze letters:—and when completed the statue will, we understand, be immediately placed on its site. The *Chelmsford Chronicle* says, there will be no festival of inauguration.—The *Manchester Examiner* and *Times* says, that the people of Sheffield are subscribing for a monument to the memory of the poet Ebenezer Elliott,—and a deputation of its promoters have been canvassing the city of Manchester, with a prospect of success. There are many lovers of the poet in our metropolis who, we think, will gladly be contributors to such a fund. The journal in question says—"It is not intended that the monument should be vast or expensive,—but that a neat cenotaph or column, at a cost of twelve or fifteen hundred pounds, should be erected and placed in a position suitable to do honour to the genius whose memory it is to perpetuate. It was Elliott's wish that he should be buried near to a favourite wood in which he had spent many happy hours; but the friends to whom he communicated this desire urged on the poet the necessity for considering the feelings of his family, for whom he had much fondness. It is not improbable that the monument will be erected near to this favourite haunt of the Rhymer."—A meeting of subscribers to the proposed statue of the Queen for Holyrood Palace is said to have been held in Edinburgh, for the purpose of considering the propriety of having the statue erected in front of the palace instead of within the quadrangle. The suggestion is stated to have been agreed to. "The sculptor is Mr. Handyside Ritchie,—a pupil of Thorwaldsen, who executed the figures in the pediment of the Commercial Bank, and the figures on the columns of the British Linen Bank, both at Edinburgh. The stone is from Redhall Quarry. The statue is to be about nine feet high, and the pedestal about eleven feet high."—In Leipzig, a monument has been erected by the German agriculturists to Herr Thaer,—the man who has done so much, amongst them, for that science. It consists of a marble column, nine feet high; on which stands the statue of Thaer, life size. The model is by Prof. Rietschel of Dresden,—and it was cast at the foundry of Lauchhammer. It is surrounded by granite steps and an iron balustrade. The column bears the inscription: "To their respected teacher, Albert Thaer—the German Agriculturist, 1850."

Letters from Rome afford a paragraph or two of Art gossip. On the 3rd instant an announcement from the offices of Government stated that the Academy of St. Luke is to be re-opened in a few days; but the students are to undergo examination, before admission, as to the state of their morals and the opinions which they profess in politics! So long as the ultra-montane régime lasts, Art is to be ruled by the police as well as letters. When they issued this order the cardinal authorities gave point to it by commanding Mr. Hely, an English sculptor (employed a few years ago in decorating the New Palace in Westminster), to quit the Roman territories at a few days' notice. No offence was alleged; but Mr. Hely's sister having married the now celebrated Dr. Achilli, it is thought the monkish Secretary of State takes this means of avenging his creed on the convert's connexion.—The Americans seem to be the only people in Rome who are suffered to exhibit their political, artistic and religious heresies with impunity. We speak a few weeks since of Power's emblematic statue of the great Republic of America trampling under its feet the kingly diadem:—we have now an account of Mr. Crawford's design for the monument to the greatest Hero of that republic. Our Art readers will remember that this work was a commission

from the Government of the United States. The country desired to have a monument worthy of Washington, and they agreed to pay 100,000 dollars for it.—The design is original and striking. From the centre of a huge block of granite, cut into the form of a star with six rays, rises a pedestal, on which stands an equestrian statue of the Legislator, sixteen feet in height. The six points of the star are surmounted by six colossal statues:—one of them an allegorical figure of Virginia, the hero's birth-place,—three of them statues of distinguished generals who were his companions in arms,—the other two representing statesmen who were connected with him in the great struggle and succeeded him in the office of President. The casting, it is said, will be done in either Paris or Munich. All the figures, except that of Virginia, are to be in bronze.—In further illustration of our remark that these Americans do their spiritings in Rome more freely than any other people, we may notice the fact that they have just obtained permission to build a Protestant church—the first ever permitted in the Eternal City. Their architects are now at work,—and in a short time the edifice will rear its head in the neighbourhood of the ancient tomb of Augustus and in the very Via de' Pontifici!

Report speaks highly of a new work which the Roman sculptor Vincenzo Gajassi has just completed and erected in the Irish Franciscan Church of Sant Isidoro,—a sepulchral monument to the memory of Miss Octavia Bryan, daughter of Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Bryan (sister of Lady Shrewsbury and aunt of the Princess Doria), a young lady who died in the flower of her age in the year 1848, at the Palazzo Albani, in Rome. The monument, says the correspondent of the *Daily News*, consists of a basement, of oblong shape, adorned with the arms of the Bryans and Talbotts,—upon which, on a funeral couch, the sculptor has placed a full-length figure representing the deceased in the bridal mortuary garb in which she lay in state, according to the Roman custom, on the day following her death.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

CHARACTERISTICS OF MEYERBEER.

Forty Melodies, for one and more Voices, with Accompaniment for the Piano—[*Quarante Mélodies, à une et à plusieurs Voix, avec accompagnement de Piano*]. By Meyerbeer.—It is certain that no living composer occupies so large a share of attention throughout musical Europe at this present time as does M. Meyerbeer.—Yet this is on the strength of three operas, at most:—since no work of a date earlier than 'Robert' keeps the stage. What makes the fact more noticeable is, that these three works are of a quality which repels rather than invites execution. They are complicated, difficult, costly to mount,—they demand large theatres,—they are not agreeable to sing,—they are not satisfactory to severe musicians, from the absence of continuous writing which they display and from the triteness of many of their primal ideas,—they are not easy to be comprehended by the average amateur public, which has a strange tendency to admire what it can perform, and to judge an opera by the number of pieces which the theatre furnishes to the household piano and singers.—Yet 'Les Huguenots' lives and the reign of 'Le Prophète' spreads precisely because M. Meyerbeer understands stage effect better than most musicians who have written for the stage. He can so dress and group and contrast his thoughts—so rouge and pad and powder them—so bend them to the illustration of any situation be it ever so difficult, of any passion be it ever so vehement,—that when viewed from the proper angle the spectator sees what is shown him rather than what really exists, and is mystified into forgetting how much of what is delighting him is mere simulation. It is very easy to cavil,—it may be all very well to question,—nor would it be difficult, we suspect, for the historian to narrate how a Nourrit made one effect, how a Vardot strengthened another, by counsels given during the painfully elaborate rehearsals of these marvellous pieces of combination:—but the result which was attempted is produced in the fullest

measure. To do this demands something more than cleverness. There must be genius—genius in fragments—in motley—genius serving the purposes of expediency (if the Cynics please to press us hard for a definition) yet still undeniable, original genius for the stage.—Taken thence, M. Meyerbeer's losses are instant and heavy. Even of the production of a good theatrical overture he seems to be incapable. The prelude to his 'Margarita d'Anjou' is in the weak Italian style—the introduction to his 'Camp de Silésie' seems (so far as its arrangement enables us to judge) a *pot-pourri* made up of poor themes, in no respect comparable to Auber's confectations of the kind. There is more pretension in the Symphony to 'Struensee',—but the impression left on us by that ambitious production is that of strain without success: while the overture to 'Le Prophète', avowedly prepared for the purpose of vindicating its composer's powers, was withdrawn after rehearsal (himself assenting) as patchy and tedious.

In these Forty Melodies we find M. Meyerbeer on other ground:—trying to furnish the orchestral or chamber singer with songs which are not to be acted. As a collection of melodies, this volume is 'nought,'—as an illustration of manner it will be found full of curious interest to all who really care to know what exists, and what is wanting, in M. Meyerbeer.

The characteristic merit here is vivacity of rhythm—the characteristic defect, want of sustained cantilena and triteness in such melodic phrases as do appear. With regard to the rhythm, M. Féti's (a staunch admirer) has bidden us credit M. Meyerbeer with as much variety as vivacity,—but this variety we have not been fully able to discover. Take away the liberal use of the unvocal *staccato*—take away the interruption of a natural phrase by pauses and rests (of which every conceivable type was accumulated in the 'Robert')—take away a certain management of the *tempo di minueto*, in which stateliness and spirit are happily combined—take away a sort of superfluous and double close to a simple eight-bar phrase—and what remains? Hardly one half of such devices and expedients as—long before Meyerbeer's novelties were thought of—the Austrian composers Lanner, Strauss, &c. &c., were able to introduce by way of varying the smooth, but most constraining triple rhythm of the national waltz and Landler.—In such vivacity as is compatible with serious emotion M. Meyerbeer is unrivalled. By no one else has the effect of such movements as those specified in 'Robert', or as the *coda* of the duet-septuor in 'Les Huguenots', been approached:—but the receipt when examined by the analyst proves to be a very simple one, and the ingredients are very few.

To speak now of the defect:—we find that the difficulty of recalling one abstractedly and intrinsically good melody by Meyerbeer amounts to an impossibility. Touching, tuneful, and elegant phrases there are, to satisfy rather than to haunt the ear,—but few if any good whole tunes. We find ourselves most frequently recurring to the 'Sicilienne' and the 'Séduction d'Amour' *air de ballet*, in 'Robert', to the 'Chorus of Bathers' in 'Les Huguenots,' to the 'Cathedral Hymn' in 'Le Prophète'—(no very liberal list of themes for three grand operas to yield)—yet none of these is sustained to its close. In none can we avoid feeling that the second part has been a matter of solicitude instead of spontaneous inspiration to its author. How liberally the shortcoming is felt in other more fragmentary examples which will occur to every one weighing the above testimony, it would be loss of time to dwell on.—Meanwhile, to such lengths have we been tempted in these preliminary remarks, that their illustration from the 'Book of Melodies' before us must be deferred till another day.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.—After the mountainous prospectus of the managers of these *Grand National Concerts*, their opening performances

* To illustrate precisely what we mean, may be cited the *cabaletta* of *La Princesse*, 'Idole de ma Vie,'—the terror-paintings of *Alice* in her duet with *Bertram* at the foot of the cross,—the 'grace' of *Isabelle* in her great scene with *Robert*.

must be described as nothing much greater than pieces of mouse-work.—The prospectus assured us that the constant aim of the "executive committee, directors, and managers" would be to present an intellectual entertainment of the highest order, "embracing the greatest works of the greatest masters." Who could have expected that after such a *fanfaronade* the first concert should turn out an awkward cross betwixt the Wednesday Concerts and M. Jullien's performances,—in some respects, inferior to both? Our high opinion of Herr Halle is well known as the best contemporary player of classical music; but his Beethoven *Concerto* was cut short at the close of the first movement,—the "executive committee, directors and managers" we presume not finding it intellectual enough. In *fantasies à la Liszt* and Thalberg, Herr Halle cannot of course compete with the latter pianist; so that by ignorant employment of excellent materials the managers of these Grand National Concerts are at a disadvantage as compared with Exeter Hall. In like manner as *solo* violinists M. Sainton and Herr Ernst cannot be rated as peers; and M. Sainton is the last of living violinists to pretend to such rivalry, being as modest as he is gifted. Then, M. Jullien beats his rivals hollow in polkas, waltzes, descriptive quadrilles, &c.,—and is very little beaten in orchestral brilliancy by the assemblage of players at *Her Majesty's Theatre*; who, on Tuesday night, being handed over from Mr. Balfe to M. Bosio, and *vice versa*, were naturally enough nervous often to the slovenly point.—On Wednesday, the first movement of the noble 'Eroica' was played by a really noble band in that "hard bargain" style which indicates that neither committee nor conductor has much sympathy with such music.—Some improvement, however, has been manifested as the week has proceeded. On Thursday, Herr Halle was allowed to give Mendelssohn's *Piano-forte Concerto* in *c minor* untrammelled. This was received with the greatest applause:—as was also Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, given on the same evening by Mr. Cooper.

Deferring some notice of Master Werner—another of those too-young pianists whom we would fain keep back for their own good,—we must speak of Madame Biscaccianti as the other novelty. This Lady has had a good *soprano* voice; but it seems to have been screamed away ere it had undergone any vocal training,—and it is now delivered in that dragging and languid fashion meant by the non-executant race of modern Italians to pass for expression. Whenever a passage calling for *brío*, brilliancy or accent came, Madame Biscaccianti at once cut the knot, and presented her own reading by slackening the *tempo*.—Mlle. Angri on Tuesday was not in her best voice.—Miss Mesent is the Lady who represents England,—M. Lafont standing for France, and Mr. Gustavus Geary for Ireland. Of the last gentleman, again, we may speak another week.

The arrangements for the entrance and accommodation of the promenaders—by suppressing the central entrance to the pit, opening the lower staircases, and retaining the awkward barrier on the edge of the cavity thus formed—are uncomfortable—destructive to the enjoyment of the company in the pit boxes—and might become perilous in case of overflow. There cannot be the slightest reason for managing or modifying the plainest truth with regard to this undertaking. We used no reserves with regard to Mr. Stammers. We have again and again protested against M. Jullien's clap-net; yet both the English and French speculators had for their offences the excuse of providing something which was meant to pay, "and therefore must please." Whereas, here is a society of gentlemen, professing the promotion of good music as its aim, and damaging to professional managements by the terms in which it enters the market—namely, the disclaiming of all "wish or idea of profit,"—which falls into the old vulgarities at its first outset, after having given forth a prospectus so specious, and before "an intellectual entertainment of the highest order" had been proved unable to attract a public.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Webster, it is said at the express desire of the Queen, has entirely reconstructed the royal box and ante-room. The box is now on a level with the dress circle. The decorations of the ante-room consist of light Pompeian pillars, forming panels all round, and supporting wreaths of flowers which trail over five large mirrors let into the walls. Each panel contains a separate view:—such as Windsor Castle—Osborne House—the Waterfalls, Balmoral—the Duchess of Kent's residence—and Prince Albert's at Saxe Gotha. The whole is surmounted by a ceiling of pale blue, clouded, and varied with birds of brilliant plumage. The pattern is repeated in the box, with an oval wreath of flowers in the centre. This fancy work has been executed by Mr. Sang,—but its design is ascribed to Mr. Webster. In other respects also the theatre has undergone renovation.—It was reopened on Monday, with its proper company, and with its old pieces 'The Serious Family' and 'The Rough Diamond.' In the former, Mr. Hudson sustained the part of *Captain Maguire*, instead of Mr. Wallack. A warm greeting was given to the company—particularly to Mr. Webster—by a numerous audience.—Mr. Parselle, from the Lyceum, made his first appearance here as *Frank Vincent*. He seems to be a gentlemanly actor. Mrs. Stanley filled the late Mrs. Clifford's place as *Lady Soverby Creamley*. The performances altogether went off well.

PRINCESS'S.—'The Wife's Secret' was performed for the first time at this theatre on Wednesday.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Miss Lyons, whose *début* in *Juliet* at the Olympic we recorded a few weeks ago, made her appearance at this theatre on Monday in the part of *Desdemona*. She is understood to be a pupil of Mrs. West,—and her style is too evidently after that of her preceptress. The cadences of her elocution are sweetly monotonous; they will, unless broken up and varied in the course of practice, most certainly cloy the ear. Miss Lyons should look to this: for she is really an interesting person, from her extreme youth and the readiness and tact with which she adopts the stage business. It remains to be ascertained what amount of general intelligence she possesses, and what elements of future greatness as an artist are in her.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. Stirling Coyne has been remarkably happy in the adaptation of the French comedy 'La Femme de Quarante Ans'—which was produced here on Monday, under the title of 'My Wife's Daughter.' The lady of forty with a young husband was delightfully acted by Mrs. Stirling, who brought out the peculiarities of her position with the utmost skill. The lady is a widow with a daughter "rising seventeen," whom she carefully excludes from her husband's knowledge at boarding-school; but during the holidays, *Clara*, the poor girl (Miss L. Howard), runs away,—and arriving at her newly-married mother's residence, strongly interests *Ormonde*, the husband (Mr. H. Farren). His aid had, indeed, been already invoked in her favour by some acquaintance who desired her marriage with a mutual friend, to which the consent of *Mrs. Ormonde* is required. The difficulty in obtaining this arises from the lady's years, which would be obviously proclaimed to the world by the admission of her having a marriageable daughter. Some stratagem is accordingly required. *Clara* is locked up in the library for the nonce; but entrance there being obtained by *Ormonde's* valet, *Gilliflower*, the latter persecutes the young lady with his absurd addresses. This part is admirably sustained by Mr. Compton.—Mr. Farren, as the old husband of a young wife (Mrs. Leigh Murray) forms with her a group that artistically contrasts with that made by the principal figures. The old sexagenarian is as vain as the wife of forty is jealous;—but when matters are brought into extremity in the library, and it is proved that the young wife of the one and the young husband of the other have had a secret meeting there,—the old man, at the instigation of the married widow, becomes as jealous as herself. In the development of this situation there was some lack of skill. The transition from vanity to

jealousy was not marked by the degrees required for its probability. Altogether, however, the character was well suited to Mr. Farren, and it was presented by him with great truth to nature.—The piece was entirely successful.

SURREY.—The management at this house have reverted to nautical drama and burlesque:—the first in a piece entitled 'Love's Anchor'—the last in 'Lyttle Redde Rydinge Hoodie.' Both these have merit in their way:—the latter is full of amusing parodies.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—By a programme just laid before us we learn that the series of monthly concerts about to be commenced at St. Martin's Hall, under the direction of Mr. John Hullah, in the course of the eight months included by November 1850 and June 1851, will be eight in number. The following entire works will be performed in the course of the season:—Beethoven's Mass in c, Choral Fantasia,—Haydn's Seven Last Words,—Handel's Messiah, Utrecht Jubilate, Acis and Galatea,—Mendelssohn's Elijah, Lauda Zion, 95th Psalm, 114th Psalm, First Walpurgis Night.—It is further announced that selections, consisting mostly of movements, or succession of movements complete in themselves, will be made from Sebastian Bach's Mass in b minor, Motets,—Carissimi's Jephtha,—Handel's Alexander Balus, Coronation Anthems, Chandos Anthems, Chamber Duets, L'Allegro, Semele,—Mozart's Motets, Idomeneo, Zauberflöte,—Mendelssohn's Posthumous Psalms for an Eight Part Chorus, Midsummer Night's Dream, Convent Motets,—Purcell's King Arthur, Dido and Eneas,—Weber's Oberon.—The above list is liberal enough it will be owned; in addition, Mr. Hullah promises, as entire novelties, to give a Cantata by Mr. William Sterndale Bennett, a Motet by the Rev. Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, Bart., a Composition by Mr. George A. Macfarren, four Compositions by M. Charles Gounod, (of Paris). These four Compositions are, we believe, a 'Libera me,' a 'Sanctus,' an unaccompanied chorus for double choir, and a dramatic *scena di solo* and chorus. We can only wish all success to a scheme so comprehensive, supposing performance to keep pace with production.

Certain French musical journals have published a rumour that M. Manuel Garcia is about to re-open his class at the *Conservatoire*,—and to re-establish himself in Paris. We are requested to correct this. M. Garcia, on the contrary, has just formally resigned his professorship in the French institution in consequence of his intention to remain in London; to which city he has just returned after a short absence.

The English operatic commonwealth is about to commence its productions at Miss Kelly's theatre with a work by Mr. Mitchell, the blind composer.—Another opera by M. Desanges, which the same authorities report as having been accepted, is on the story of 'King René's Daughter.' We cannot fancy this subject happily chosen for stage music.

A note from Weimar mentions in terms of high praise the organ playing of a young Herr Breunung, who studied under Mendelssohn, and is commended for playing the highest music for his instrument (that of Sebastian Bach) in the highest possible style.—From the same source we hear of four and twenty charming short pieces for the violin by Herr David, which are just about to be published at Leipzig,—also that Mdlle. Graumann has been singing at Weimar with success.—A busy (and what is as much to the purpose a various) musical campaign is expected there this winter.

To celebrate H.M. the King of Prussia's birthday, the management of the Opera House in Berlin has nothing of greater value to present than a new work by M. Flotow.

'The Queen of Spades' is the title of the coming comic opera by MM. Scribe and Halévy.—The Philharmonic Society directed by M. Berlioz is about to re-commence its meetings for the season. The programme of the first concert contains much new and interesting music; a grand sacred chorus by Lesueur,—a specimen of the unaccompanied sacred music of the Imperial Chapel at St. Petersburg,

by Bortniansky,—and 'Sara la Baigneuse,' a ballad in three choruses by M. Berlioz.

Dr. Spohr's new symphony 'The Four Seasons' has been secured for the Grand National Concerts of Her Majesty's Theatre.

MISCELLANEA

The Journals of King Louis Philippe.—Our readers know that one of the points of the singular but admirable education that Madame de Genlis gave Louis Philippe and his brothers was to teach them to examine and regulate their mind and conduct by the keeping a journal; and this Louis Philippe has done, not, we suppose, continuously, nor even perhaps for the greater part of his busy life, but for particular periods—during seasons either of peculiar interest or of unusual leisure. A fragment of his early journal, extending from the autumn of 1790 to the summer of 1791, was lost or stolen in the tumults and pillage of the first Revolution, as the memoirs of 1815 have been in the late one, and like these, published by an illegitimate possessor. That most curious little tract had become very rare—so rare, indeed, that Louis Philippe himself had not a copy, till a friend of ours lately presented him the copy from which we ourselves had made a translation, which we published in *extenso* in our article on 'The Personal History of Louis Philippe.' The King had also written and printed the 'Journal of the Hundred Days,' just mentioned; and we were permitted to see and make extracts in our last March number from his Journal of February and March, 1848. It is known, too, that during his residence at Claremont, as at former intervals of repose, he amused himself in recording his recollections; but no information has yet transpired of the extent (either as to bulk or time) of what he may have left—beyond the conjecture (which is, however, only founded on an accidental expression of his which was repeated to us some months ago) that the portion which he was so anxious to complete related to his return to France in 1814. * * But whatever Louis Philippe may have left, it will be curious and valuable, as the production of so powerful a mind, always engaged in, and for a long period actually directing, the most extraordinary series of events in the history of the modern world. Its publication, however, must be of course a matter of great delicacy, and of mature deliberation, and we have not as yet heard even a rumour on the subject.—*Quarterly Review.*

Change for a Sovereign.—At Schaffhausen there were, as usual, many Englishmen who, also as usual, had a growl about the moneys and the hotels. "I have been making myself practically acquainted with the currency in a way of my own," said Smith junior.—"How so?" inquired one of the group of travellers who were gossiping on the subject.—"I changed a sovereign," explained our hero, "at Ostend; and then changed what I got for it in Prussia; then changed that in the Duchy of Nassau; and that again in the free city of Frankfurt; and so on repeated the process in Baden and Bavaria—in fact, in each separate jurisdiction through which we passed. There it is," said Smith, as he suited the action to the word by emptying the contents of his experimental pocket upon the table. The exhibition looked very unpromising certainly. The glittering twenty-shilling piece left at Ostend was now represented by as ugly a collection of dirty, worn, counterfeit-looking a jumble of silver and copper as ever an Israelite counted out in the Jew's Lane, at Frankfurt.—"Count it up," said Smith the younger.—"Very good," said the German, and he began. "Five francs—ten—" said Smith.—"Stop," said the German.—"Swiss francs and French francs are different things—different values. I will tell you the worth of this heap."—He went to work to tell them over, and stated the result in batzen and rappen.—"And how much is that worth in English sterling coin?" asked a bystander.—"Just fourteen shillings and a penny farthing," replied the German.—"What!" shrieked Smith.—"Fourteen shillings and a penny farthing, English," repeated the German.—*Household Words.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—W. J. H.—J. C.—J. D.—P. C. E.—An Old Correspondent.—J. L. J.—W.—* * *—M. S. J. must be aware, on second thoughts, that a private communication such as is requested is out of the province of a Journalist.

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